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EVENINGS IN AUTUMN;

A

Series of Essays,

NARRATIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D. &c.

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OF ESSAYS ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE, OF SHAKSPEARE
AND HIS TIMES, AND OF WINTER NIGHTS.

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Nunc — frondes autumno frigore tactas
Jamque malé hærentes alta rapit arbore ventus.
OVIDIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

No.		PAGE
XII.	On the Blindness of Homer, Ossian, and Milton. HOMER - - - - - - - -	1
XIII.	The Valley of the Rye, a Tale, continued -	24
XIV.	On the Character and Writings of Sir Thomas Browne, with Extracts from, and Observations on his *Religio Medici* - - - - - -	63
XV.	Critical Remarks on "The Judgment, a Vision," a Poem by Mr. Hillhouse of New York -	100
XVI.	The Valley of the Rye, a Tale, continued -	128
XVII.	On the Blindness of Homer, Ossian, and Milton. OSSIAN - - - - - - - -	170
XVII.	On the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne concluded - - - - - - -	197
XIX.	The Valley of the Rye, a Tale, continued -	222
XX.	On the Blindness of Homer, Ossian, and Milton. MILTON - - - - - - - -	252
XXI.	The Valley of the Rye, a Tale, concluded -	287
XXII.	Remarks on Social Worship — The Village-Church. — Conclusion - - - - -	316

EVENINGS IN AUTUMN.

No. XII.

Non est miserum esse cœcum; miserum est cœcitatem non posse ferre:
Et sanè haud ultima Dei cura cœci sumus:
Illos memorem, vetustatis ultimæ priscos vates, sapientissimos. MILTON.

Τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ οἰκεῖ δὲ Χίῳ ἐνὶ παιπαλοέσσῃ.
HOMER.

It is not miserable to be blind; he only may be considered as miserable who cannot endure blindness with resignation.

To be blind, indeed, is to be placed more immediately under the providence of God.

I might record as instances, a few of the wisest and most ancient bards of antiquity.

Lo! the blind bard of Chio's rugged isle!

Of all the bodily deprivations to which man is subjected in his passage through this transitory

life, perhaps the one which most renders him an object of commiseration, as placing him most entirely at the mercy of others, is the *loss of sight*. More especially do we feel the highest degree of interest mingled with our pity, where this misfortune has fallen to the lot of those who have been distinguished for their virtues and their talents, and who, had it not been for the intervention of this disaster, had retained, to the last, the full possession of that influence and independency, to which a high order of intellect, in combination with perfect bodily power, had previously conducted them.

There is, however, almost constantly to be found under every visitation of providence, and as arising directly from the very nature of the infliction, something of a compensatory and alleviating cast; and, in the instances to which I have alluded, if failure of sight lead, as it almost necessarily must do, in numerous particulars, to a helpless subserviency to the will of others, it is, at the same time, generally accompanied by the most decided manifestations, on the part of relatives and friends, of increasing assiduity and regard; while in the estimation

even of the public at large, the sufferer is beheld with a feeling of sanctity and love, which atones, in a great measure, for all that he has lost of personal activity and independence.

It is thus that round the mighty names of HOMER, OSSIAN, and MILTON, with the admiration due to their superior genius, is thrown, at the same time, in consequence of their deprivation of sight, a pathetic and endearing association, which not only during their existence most assuredly operated as a source of consolation to these immortal bards, but has descended with their fame to all succeeding times.

So greatly, indeed, have these aspiring spirits risen from the force of genius, beyond the common range of human effort, that, were it not for these touches of infirmity, we should be apt to consider them, dazzled by the splendour of their intellectual powers, as beings of an order superior to man, and, consequently, however entitled to our admiration, as little capable of exciting either sympathy or affection. But blindness, and more especially blindness when united, as in these instances, with old age, at

once places them in connection with ourselves; and while we stand astonished at the majesty and sublimity of mind which they exhibit, we behold in their misfortunes the common bond which unites us, and we love while we venerate their memory.

We contemplate them, in fact, with emotions somewhat similar to those with which we trace the course of the magnificent sun. We have been dazzled and overpowered by the effulgence of his meridian glory, and though he be now declining, though the evening of his day has arrived, and though the clouds have gathered round his steps, we feel greater attachment for his milder and more varied light; we watch with keen regret his setting beams, and our tears flow as his orb, more deeply interesting in its close than in its noon-day splendour, seems sinking into darkness and the grave.

As the sun, thus departing in dignity and beauty, majestic though in decay, and though fast fading into night, surrounded by every association which is calculated to affect the heart and excite the imagination, appears the closing scene of our three great epic bards, descending

to their place of rest enveloped in the clouds of night, and full of years, but finishing their race with glory, and followed by the ever-during love and sympathy of an admiring world.

Of a privation thus associated with the first among the sons of men, and which, while felt as the heaviest of inflictions, was yet endured with singular magnanimity and resignation, the circumstances, both moral and physical, must ever be considered as affording a subject of peculiar interest.

That HOMER was blind in his old age, has been the tradition and the belief of all antiquity, nor is there wanting testimony, both direct and indirect, in the works of the poet himself, to the truth of the popular ascription.

In the *Hymn to Apollo*, of all the minor poems attributed to Homer, the one which carries with it the strongest evidence of authenticity, the bard has expressly mentioned his own blindness. It is of this hymn, which the accurate Thucydides has quoted, in the first book of his history, as a genuine production of Homer, that the judicious Bergler has observed, in the pre-

face to his edition of the Odyssey and smaller poems, "that no one can render it suspected by me, unless he could persuade me, that his authority was of more weight than that of Thucydides; a writer of all others the farthest from vanity, nor very remote from the time of Homer." *

In this beautiful composition, worthy of the genius of the venerable bard, occurs the following passage, immediately addressed to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose festival, annually held at *Delos*, was frequented by a vast concourse of people from every quarter of Ionia and its neighbouring islands.

"Hail, heavenly powers, whose praises I sing; let me also hope to be remembered in the ages to come: and when any one born of the tribes of men, comes hither a weary traveller, and enquires, *Who is the sweetest of the singing-men that resort to your feasts, and whom you most delight to hear?* Then do you make answer

* It should also be stated, that Pausanius has likewise cited this hymn as an undoubted work of the Grecian bard.

for me, *it is the blind man that dwells in Chios. His songs excel all that can e'er be sung.*" *

As it may be satisfactory to my readers, to see the original of the lines marked by italics in this literal translation, I shall insert them, together with a passage from a nearly contemporary poet, and which must be deemed strikingly illustrative of their import and authenticity.

——— Τίς δ' ὕμμιν ανηρ ήδιστος ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
Ενθαδε πωλεῖται ; καὶ τέω τέρπεσθε μάλιστα ;
Τυφλὸς ἀνήρ· οικεῖ δὲ Χίω ενι παιπαλοεσσῃ·
Τῆ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀειςιενέσιν 'Αοιδαί.

It appears to me, that there cannot be a more decisive comment on this question and reply, than what is contained in the following lines just alluded to from Hesiod, preserved by an anonymous scholiast on Pindar. They assert, in fact, that Homer was in the habit of making voyages to Delos, for the very purpose mentioned in the hymn; and that such an hymn, and of Homer's composition, was then in existence.

* Translated by Blackwell, in his "Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer," 2d edition, p. 110.

Ἐν Δήλῳ τότε πρῶτος ἐγὼ Ὅμηρος Ἀοιδὸς
Μελπόμεν ἐν νεαρῇσι ὕμνοις ῥαψάντες ἀοιδὴν,
Φοῖβον Ἀπόλλωνα χρυσάορον, ὃν τέκε Λητώ.

Of this hymn to Apollo, an elegant version has been given to the public by the late poet laureat, Mr. Pye; and the passage in question, together with the immediately subsequent lines, which speak of the poet's extensive wanderings, and of the celebrity of his muse, it would be doing injustice to the subject not to insert.

Hail, Phœbus and Latona! Dian, hail!
O let your votary's fervent prayers prevail!
And when in future times some pilgrim hoar,
Wandering, shall reach this sea-encircled shore,
And ask what mortal now, with heavenly fire,
Strikes with his skilful hand the warbling lyre,
What dulcet voice is this to which belong
Powers to entrance you with its godlike song?
O may you answer with applausive smile —
'Tis the blind bard of Chio's rugged isle,
The unrivalled merit of whose glorious strain
Succeeding times shall emulate in vain.
Thus I, through every seat of man's abode,
Through every track by human footsteps trod,
Bold in the truth, my native worth proclaim;
My verse alone the herald of my fame.

Ne'er shall my votive lay forget to sing
Fair-hair'd Latona and the Archer-king. *

To a character and profession, such as were those which we are taught to attribute to Homer, the loss of sight must have been, at first, felt as one of the most distressing of privations; for he was accustomed, as we are told by all who have written on the early ages of Greece, to travel to the courts of kings and chieftains, as one of the Αοιδοι or Rhapsodists; a class of men which, as uniting in their persons the arts of poetry and music, was held in the highest esteem.

During what has been termed, indeed, the *heroic ages* of Grecian history, the *Aoidos* or Bard formed one of the principal pillars of society. He was equally necessary at the festival and at the altar; beneath the tent of the warrior, and at the domestic hearth; and his office was, in fact, no less than, as the poet himself has told us, to delight both gods and men.

Θεοισι και ανθρωποισι αειδειν.

* Sharpe's edition of the Minor poems of Homer, translated by Parnell, Hole, and Pye, p. 72.

To fulfil these high and important duties; to add zest to the banquet by the recitation of soothing and interesting tales *; to sing the generations of the gods, and to hymn their praises during the celebration of their respective rites; to chaunt the glories of past military atchievments, and to stimulate to like exertion; to assist the labours of the legislator, and to direct the acquisitions of the youthful mind; to do all these, and such were the varied functions of the elder bards of Greece, it was necessary, at a period, too, when the art of writing was nearly, if not altogether unknown, that they should visit distant lands; should learn their various institutions, manners, and customs; should mingle with their heroes, sages, and bards; and thence acquire that fund of knowledge which was requisite for the skilful exercise of a profession so multiform and arduous.

It was fortunately not until the decline of life that our poet had to sustain this heavy affliction; at a time when he had visited nearly every civilized country of any celebrity, and when his

* Πολλα θελκτηρια. Homer.

harp had repeatedly resounded throughout every state in Greece. That it was in his estimation, however, a misfortune of the deepest and most deplorable nature, is evident from the punishment which he has described the Muses as inflicting, in their utmost vengeance, on his great but unhappy predecessor *Thamyris*, whom they not only doomed to an oblivion of his art, but deprived of the use of his eyes; a poet too,

> Superior once of all the tuneful race,
> Till, vain of mortal's empty praise, he strove,
> To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
> Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
> Th' immortal muses in their art defied:
> The avenging muses of the light of day
> Depriv'd his eyes, and snatched his voice away;
> No more his heavenly voice was heard to sing,
> His hand no more awak'd the silver string. *

---

* That Thamyris was deprived of his mental faculties as well as of his sight, is evident from the original, in which he is described as having lost, not only his memory as a poet, but the very recollection of his art as a performer on the lyre or harp:

> Αἱ δὲ χολωσάμεναι περὶν θέσαν αὐτὰρ ἀοιδὴν
> Θεσπεσίην ἀφέλοντο, καὶ ἐκλέλαθον κιθαριστύν.
>
> ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ. Β'. l. 599.

More happy than his precurser, though with talents approximating, it is probable, still nearer to the imaginary perfection ascribed to the Muses, the intellect, though not the sight, of Homer was spared; and the latter calamity occurring to him at a period when he had accumulated more knowledge than had ever before fallen to the lot of man, and when his head was silvered o'er with age, his blindness served but to render him the subject of still greater love and honour.

We cannot, indeed, picture to ourselves an object of more just and profound veneration than was Homer, at this era of society, blind and in years, the oracle of Greece, and conducted to the courts of admiring monarchs by the affection and gratitude of thousands. He approached their gates, in fact, under the twofold character of Prophet and of Bard, and he might say in the language of his own Phemius,

---

" We have cause to regret," says Cowper, " that all his works have perished; such honourable testimony given to his talents by this Chief of Poets, sufficiently proves his excellence as a bard, whatever might be his vanity.

Αυτοδίδακτος δ' εἰμί· θεὸς δέ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἵμας
Παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν·

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑΣ. Χ'. 347.

Untaught by others, in my mind I bear,
By God himself implanted, all the strains
Of melody and verse. BLACKWELL.

That this is not an imaginary delineation, but that united Greece hung as it were on the steps of Homer, sightless and in years, with an enthusiasm of regard little short of adoration, may be inferred from the admirable sketch which he has himself given of Demodocus, the blind Bard of Phœacia.

Than this portrait, without all doubt, intended as a faithful representation of himself, and of the honours which usually awaited him*, nothing can be more lovely and affecting. It places Homer before us as he lived, and as he sung, and we dwell with rapture on the sketch, as

* "It was the opinion of Maximus Tyrius," remarks Cowper, "that Homer in this short history of the Phœacian bard, gives us in reality his own." — Vide Cowper's Translation, 2nd. edit. vol. i. Odyssey, p. 201.

exhibiting in the most pleasing light, the kind manners of that remote period, and the very affectionate respect which was paid to age and talent.

Alcinoüs, the hospitable monarch of Phœacia, wishing to do honour to his illustrious guest, the ship-wrecked wanderer Ulysses, assembles together, at a sumptuous feast, the noblest in his realm. Without the sacred bard, however, the banquet had been joyless, and Alcinoüs therefore gives especial orders for his prescence:

——————————— καλέσασθε δὲ δεῖον ἀοιδὸν
Δημόδοκον· τῷ γάρ ῥα θεὸς περὶ δῶκεν ἀοιδὴν
Τερπνὴν, ὅππη θυμὸς ἐποτρύνῃσιν ἀείδειν.
ΟΔΤΣ. Θ'. 43.

Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,
To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest
With powers of song delectable, what theme
Soe'er his animated fancy choose.
COWPER.

He is accordingly introduced with all that care and tenderness, that deference and delicacy of feeling, due to his talents and infirmities;

attentions which cannot fail to impress us with a high and amiable idea of the tone of society in which they prevailed; recollecting, also, as we must delight to do on this occasion, that they were attentions which Homer had often experienced in his own person, and which he, therefore loved to commemorate.

Κηρυξ δ' εγγυθεν ηλθεν αγων εριηρον αοιδον l. 62.

ad

Οἵμης, τῆς τότ' ἄρα κλέος οὐρανὸν εὐρὺν ἵκανε. l. 74.

ΟΔΥΣ. Θ'.

And now the herald thither led with care
The tuneful bard; him partially the Muse
And dearly lov'd, yet gave him good and ill;
She quench'd his sight, but gave him strains divine.
For him, Pontonoüs in the midst disposed
An argent studded throne, thrusting it close
To a tall column, where he hung his lyre
Above his head, and taught him where it hung.
He set before him, next, a polish'd board
And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine,
For his own use, and at his own command;
Then all assail'd at once the ready feast;
And when, nor hunger more, nor thirst they felt,
Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing

Exploits of men renown'd; it was a song,
In that day, to the highest heaven extoll'd.

COWPER.

If, as hath been conjectured by Eustathius, the poet alludes in the last line of this passage to his own Iliad, it furnishes us both with a striking proof of the great and early celebrity which that poem must have acquired, and with a just inference as to the honors which awaited its author, whithersoever he turned his steps. We cannot wonder, therefore, that he describes his own Demodocus as the chosen care of kings and princes, and that he represents Alcinoüs as appointing an herald, to attend his every movement, with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Thus, when the guests break up from the banquet:

Καὶ δ' ἐκ πασσαλόφιν κρέμασε φόρμιγγα λιγεῖαν,
Δημοδόκου δ' ἕλε χεῖρα καὶ ἐξαγεν ἐκ μεγάροιο
Κηρυξ· ἦρχε δὲ τῷ αὐτὴν ὁδον, ἥπερ οἱ ἄλλοι
Φαιήκων οἱ ἄριστοι, ἀέθλια θαυμαντοντες.

ΟΔΤΣ. Θ'. 105.

——————— the herald hanging high
The sprightly lyre, took gently by his hand

Demodocus, and leading him abroad,
Follow'd Phœacia's Princes to the games.
COWPER.

and when, reseeking the social hall, they resume their seats to share the generous wine.

Κήρυξ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθεν ἄγων ἐρίηρον ἀοιδὸν,
Δημόδοκον, λαοῖσι τετιμένον· εἶσε δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸν
Μέσσῳ δαιτυμόνων, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας.
ΟΔΤΣ. Θ. 471.

——introducing by his hand the bard,
Phœacia's glory, at the column's side
The herald placed Demodocus again.
COWPER.

Literal as Cowper may generally be esteemed in his version, he has not here given the full import of the original, omitting the epithet *amiable*, as applied to the bard, ἐρίηρον ἀοιδὸν, and translating λαοισι τετιμενον, *honoured by the people*, by the less characteristic term of *Phœacia's glory*.

It is evident, however, from these passages, that Homer has taken a more than common delight in enumerating the attentions paid to

his bard; and peculiarly does he seem pleased in recording the deference which he receives from the grateful enthusiasm of Ulysses. He paints his hero as selecting for him the most delicate portion of the meat, and as exclaiming to one of the attendants —

Κήρυξ, τῇ δὴ τοῦτο πόρε κρέας, ὄφρα φάγῃσι, 477.
ad
Ἥρωϊ Δημοδόκῳ· ὁ δ' ἐδείξατο, χαῖρε δὲ θυμῷ. 483.
ΟΔΥΣ. Θ.

——— Herald! bear it to the bard
For his regale, whom I will soon embrace
In spite of sorrow; for respect is due
And veneration to the sacred bard
From all mankind, for that the muse inspires
Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.
He ended, and the herald bore his charge
To the old Hero, who with joy received
That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.

COWPER.

He then proceeds to describe Ulysses as shortly afterwards calling upon Demodocus for a further trial of his skill, and as prefacing his

request with a lofty and noble encomium on his genius, and the accuracy of his information:

Δημόδοκ', ἔξοχα δή σε βροτῶν αἰνίζομ' ἁπάντων· 486.
ad
Ὡς τέ που ἢ αὐτὸς παρεὼν, ἢ ἄλλου ἀκούσας. 491.
ΟΔΤΣ. Θ.

Demodocus! I give thee praise above
All mortal men; since either thee, the muse,
Jove's tuneful daughter, or the son of Jove,
Apollo prompts; for, of Achaia's host,
Their glorious deeds and arduous toils thou sing'st
As thou had'st present been thyself, or learnt
From others present there, the mournful tale.
COWPER.

One of the most delightful features of this part of the Odyssey is, as I have before remarked, the manifest identity which seems to subsist between the fate and fortunes of Demodocus and of Homer himself; a coincidence which induces us to dwell upon the character of the Phœacian bard with very singular interest and curiosity.

It is a conviction of the truth of this paral-

lelism which has led Eustathius, when commenting on the passage just quoted, to remark, that the poet was certainly, in this instance, drawing from himself, who might be truly said indeed to be inspired; "from such scanty materials has he formed so beautiful a story, interweaving them with incidents so various, and with such an air of verisimilitude, that knowing, as we do, he was not present at the scene, nor had conversed with others who were, we are induced to conclude that the muse must have prompted him in all things.

So thought Ulysses with respect to the blind bard of Phœacia, a belief which induced him to request of Demodocus to sing the fall of Troy, as effected through the stratagem which he had himself been the principal means of contriving for its destruction. "Come then," he says, "proceed,"

Αἶψα δὴ μοι ταῦτα κατὰ μοῖραν καταλέξῃς,
Αὐτίκ' ἐγὼ πᾶσιν μυθήσομαι ἀνθρώποισιν,
Ὡς ἄρα τοι πρόφρων δῶκε θεὸς ἀοιδὴν.

ΟΔΥΣ. Θ. 496.

Sing but this theme as sweetly, and thenceforth
I will proclaim thee in all ears, a bard
Of powers divine, and by the gods inspir'd.
COWPER.

The effect of this exertion of the skill of the rhapsodist, of the happy combination of music and poesy on the mind of Ulysses, is the highest compliment, in short, which Homer could pay to Demodocus, and to their mutual art; one, indeed, which we may certainly conceive him to have frequently experienced in his own person, and which, at the same time, exhibits the vast influence of such an union on the then state of society in Greece. I must also add, that it is one of the not unfrequent passages in the version of Cowper, which make ample atonement for the many prosaic parts with which that version unfortunately too much abounds. Than the picture, indeed, in the lines which I have distinguished by italics in the subsequent quotation, I know few things in any poet more deeply pathetic, or more powerfully expressed.

Ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀοιδὸς ἄειδε περικλυτός· αὐταρ Ὀδυσσεὺς. 521.
ad
Ὡς Ὀδυσεὺς ἐλεεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυον εἶβεν. 531
ΟΔΤΣ. Θ.

So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song
Ulysses melted, and tear following tear
Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps
Her husband fall'n in battle, for her sake,
And for his children's sake, before the gate
Of his own city; *sinking to his side*
She close infolds him with a last embrace,
And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,
Shrieks at the sight; meantime, the ruthless foe
Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil
Command her, and to bondage far away,
And her cheek fades with horror at the sound;
Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall
The frequent tear.

COWPER.

From the whole character of Demodocus, in fine, as it is delineated in the eighth book of the Odyssey, we may acquire, not only an accurate idea of what was the condition of the bardic profession in the heroic ages of Greece, but of what precisely was the treatment which Homer himself experienced, when aged and deprived of sight, from the feelings of his countrymen and contemporaries.

That the picture was designed for himself, has been, as we have seen, the opinion of his

best commentators; and the mode, indeed, in which it is executed, the sensibility and deep interest with which it seems to have been touched into beauty and effect, almost necessarily lead to such a conclusion. It is a picture also, which cannot but be dear to every great and benevolent mind, as it places before us, one of the most soothing and consolitary of all spectacles,—genius, under adversity, fostered and protected by the sympathy of a whole people; and as it includes the further belief, that the poet had sustained his calamity in a manner that added to the pity which his talents and his privations had called forth, the highest possible admiration of his fortitude and resignation.

No. XIII.

Th' embattled tower, o'ergrown with bearded moss,
And by the melancholy skill of time,
Moulded to beauty, charms my bosom more
Than all the palaces of princes.

BUCKE.

No sooner had the party re-assembled in the book-room of Mr. Walsingham, after their hurried return to the cottage, than Llwellyn expressed his sense of obligation to him for the narrative which he had been so good as to communicate. It had, indeed, produced a considerable effect on the feelings of his auditors, and had thrown a corresponding shade of gloom and anxiety over their very appearance. Edward remained thoughtful, abstracted, and, in some degree yet agitated; a melancholy, sweet, and full of sensibility, stole over the fine countenance of Hoel, as he cast a look of sympathy and solicitude on the person of his young friend:

whilst an unusual seriousness, mingled with indications of awe and deep reflection, sat on the features of the aged minstrel.

"It has been your fate, I perceive, my kind host," said the bard, "as it hath been mine, to have experienced the pressure of vicissitude and misfortune; and though poverty and loss of sight, the latter, certainly an evil of great magnitude, are not in the catalogue of your calamities, I can yet sensibly feel, that your trial has been also severe. The consolation, however, of being highly useful to others, that noblest soother of the suffering mind, happily took place soon after the deprivation of your beloved wife; and though in her your loss has been, as I well know, in many respects irreparable; yet, as far as it could be compensated in this life, it has been, through the delightful consciousness of being the stay and hope, the friend and protector, of the fatherless and forsaken. To witness the sorrows of an unmerited affliction, fall when and where they may, must ever be an occurrence highly distressing to a human mind; but to see the very spring and morning of existence clouded with

grief, a victim, as it were, helpless and unresisting, to the folly or the vice of others, is a spectacle, beyond all others, truly mournful and distressing; and, therefore, he whose lot it hath been to become the averter of a calamity so deplorable, must, in my opinion, be pronounced blessed. May it be yours, long after the grass has waved over the grave of Llwellyn, to enjoy the fruits of a conduct so laudable and philanthropic!"

"It has been but the performance of a duty, my friend," replied Mr. Walsingham, "from which, I trust, few would have shrank; but like every other duty, when entered into from proper motives, it has been attended with its peculiar gratifications. I am, like yourself Llwellyn, though less advanced into the vale of years, but as a tree stripped of its branches and withering by the way. In one respect, indeed, I may be reckoned more unfortunate; for I know not, that I have a relative left on earth: and were it not for this young man, (pointing to Edward,) whom I have brought up, as I hope, to honour his God, and be useful to his fellow creatures, there were none to love me!"

"Nay, say not so, my noble countryman," exclaimed the grey-haired bard, "for whilst a droop of blood yet warms this aged heart, it beats for friendship and for thee. But is there then, indeed, no kindred tie yet left for you in Switzerland? none in the land of your nativity?"

"My uncle, he whom I long looked up to with the reverence due to almost apostolic piety and zeal, and whose memory I cherish with a devotedness which nothing but virtues like his own could merit or create, has paid the debt of nature. He rests, together with the beloved partner of his pilgrimage, in the little church-yard of Meyringen. There, surrounded by those who once drank life and instruction from his lips, he awaits in calm repose the resurrection of the just. Yes, dearest Llwellyn, often in the deep silence of the night, when every eye, save mine, is closed in sleep, do I live in imagination with those I left and lost in Switzerland. Then is it, that I again hearken to the hallowed accents of the pastor of Meyringen; it is then, I again converse with dead Maria, that I again tread with her the green vallies, and listen to the falling

streams of Lauterbruennen! Oh! if those whom thus I loved on earth, be yet conscious of the attachment which still I bear them! If they do but know how dear they were and are to me, how must it delight them, to perceive that the remembrance of their virtues and affections, forms one of the sweetest consolations of my existence."

"And do not the vallies of Mona, and the mountains of Caernarvon,— does not the land of the harp, and the country which gave you birth, whose dear bosom has received the companions of your earliest youth, and still covers with its protecting turf the sacred relics of your fathers,— have not these, my beloved friend, an equal claim on your recollection, an equal influence over your heart and feelings?"

"Oh, never Llwellyn; never shall they be forgotten by me! It is thither, after all my deprivations, anxieties, and cares, I long to turn my steps and die at home at last! It is a wish congenial to the soul of man: for though as I have just mentioned, no relative, as far as I can learn, awaits me on my natal soil, yet do I feel a daily increasing desire to retrace the scenery

of my childhood, and to linger on the spot, where sleep the ashes of my parents. To do this, and once more, if possible, to drop a tear on the grave of her who loved me with an angel's love, form the ultimate objects of my life. But my allotted task is not yet finished here, and the hour, come when it will, which shall separate me from thee, my child, (addressing Edward,) may bring with it, a struggle too mighty for this frame to bear. It is my prayer indeed, and for reasons too not merely selfish, that when I leave this sweet sequestered valley, thou mayest be the companion of my steps; and if providence permit, need I say, what added gratification it would give me, if thou too, Llwellyn, couldst wait to be the partner of our way, couldst return with us to the fields of thy youth, and, after all thy sorrows and privations, sit down beside the social hearth with Hoel, and the favoured pupil of thy earliest song: but we are in the hands of one who knoweth what is best; on him let us repose our trust; and then my friends, whether we sleep beneath the green turfs of Ryedale, or within the once regal walls of Aberfraw, all shall yet be well!"

This appeal to the tender sympathies of Edward and Llwellyn, the most forcible, perhaps, which Mr. Walsingham could have made, was deeply felt by both; and it was some time before the former could recover himself sufficiently to express, in terms adequate to the strength of his emotions, that fulness of affection for his guardian, and that wish to accompany him, go where he would, which warmed and animated his bosom.

The impression, indeed, had proved more powerful than Mr. Walsingham could have foreseen, and he was in fact, sorry for the depression which he had thus involuntarily occasioned. Assuming, therefore, a more cheerful tone, and turning towards Hoel, who had sate for some time with his face shaded by his hands, he asked him, if, during the period when he and his father first saw Rivaulx Abbey, they had also seen the ruins of the Castle at Helmsley; and receiving an answer in the negative, he added, "that, as connected not only with the history of the former place, but with that of the kingdom itself, this castle presented an object of peculiar interest. It is, however," he con-

tinued, "independent of these historical associations, in itself a picture of very striking beauty and effect, and enjoys at the same time, a situation not less remarkable for its pleasing and romantic features."

"I have often heard my father, Sir, who occasionally visited Helmsley on business connected with his farm," replied Hoel, "mention these ruins with admiration, and I shall certainly be most happy in the opportunity of seeing them. I understand, however, that His Grace of Buckingham is at present in the adjoining mansion house, a circumstance which may possibly prevent the access of strangers."

"The Duke, my dear youth, after having for many years absented himself from his Ryedale estates, which include nearly the whole of the parishes of Helmsley and Kirby Moorside, and part of the parish of Kirkdale, came hither a short time ago in a bad state of health. He is now, however, with a great part of his household on a visit of some weeks in the neighbourhood; and if any obstruction to the gratification of a laudable curiosity ever occurred, from his presence, which yet I do not believe, that is of course for the present removed."

"I can assure you, Sir," interrupted Edward, "that not the smallest obstacle is thrown in the way of those who wish to inspect the ruins. I have repeatedly gone thither since His Grace's return, and it will afford me great pleasure to accompany our young friend to the castle, and to add what little information may lie in my power."

"I can have no objection, Edward," replied Mr. Walsingham, "provided Llwellyn sees none in intrusting his son to your care; and I rather wish, indeed, the present opportunity should be seized, as the Duke's establishment when at home, and increased as it usually is by the retinue of numerous visitors, is not, I am sorry to say, very remarkable either for order or sobriety."

"Indisposition has then, I am afraid," cried Llwellyn, "made little improvement in the moral character of the Duke. Fame has gifted him, I understand, with some of the most brilliant attributes of wit and imagination, and she has more than whispered, I believe, how much these have been prostituted to the worst of purposes. Can you, my friend, add any thing in mitigation of the public judgment?"

"Of this nobleman personally," answered Mr. Walsingham, "I know little. Indeed, from every motive moral and prudential, I have been solicitous to avoid any interview with him, and, fortunately, my situation in life is such as does not render me liable to be thrown in his way. From what has transpired, however, concerning him, during the short period he has been at Helmsley, for it is only since the death of the late king that he has visited these estates, it would appear that his sole object, notwithstanding the very precarious state of his health, is to bury reflection in the hurry and tumult of dissipation; for he is seldom without much company, and this, too, of such a description as is calculated to engage him in a continued series of hunting and convivial entertainments.

"I apprehend, therefore, that as neither sickness, nor the advance of life, for the Duke is near sixty, has hitherto produced any amelioration of conduct, the career of this accomplished but unprincipled man will terminate as it began, in thoughtless vice and selfish gratification. It is, indeed, a most melancholy reflection, that with property such as Villiers once

possessed, and which, from its magnitude, and the influence necessarily connected with it, might, if properly employed, and in conjunction with his acknowledged talents, have rendered him a blessing to his country and his friends; scarcely one good, or just, or truly generous action should have been united. The only circumstances which I can recollect, as palliating in the smallest degree the general profligacy of his life, are to be drawn from the recollection that he lost his father by the hand of assassination, when he was not yet two years old, a deprivation often more disastrously injurious to those who are born to inherit rank and affluence, than to any other class of society; and that with a very handsome and interesting figure, and with a promptitude and splendour of wit seldom equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, he was destined to live and move in the dissolute and voluptuous court of Charles the Second.

"In short, to indulge every whim, and to follow every caprice, to gratify each passion as it rose, and to sacrifice all that is laudable and moral at the shrine of ridicule and folly, have been, and still are, the leading features of his

character. Had consistency or stability of design formed any part of it, the result might have been, in a mind thus constituted, truly formidable both to the nation and to individuals; for such was the speciousness of his talents, and such the fascination of his address, that he became alike the favourite of the presbyterian Fairfax and of the dissipated Charles. But I am attempting to give you a portrait of this extraordinary man, when it has been already executed in so masterly a manner by that living ornament of England, the celebrated Dryden. So admirably, indeed, are the prominent traits of his Grace's character condensed in this exquisite miniature, that, without enquiring whether they are fresh in your recollection or not, I cannot avoid gratifying myself, and at the same time sparing the pencil of a very inferior artist, by hazarding their repetition. I may, in fact, affirm, that in the whole compass of English poetry, there does not exist a likeness drawn with equal spirit and fidelity. Speaking of the chief personages in the court of the late king, who are all masked, you remember, under He-

brew appellations, he thus paints our singularly accomplished, and, I am afraid, somewhat dangerous neighbour.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And, both to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded, but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:

Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.*

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* Absalom and Achitophel. That there is little or no exaggeration in this poetical picture, may be inferred from what has been given us from the sober pen of history; for it is thus that Carte, in his Life of the Duke of Ormond, has drawn the character of his Grace of Buckingham.

"The Duke of Buckingham was a man of great parts, and an infinite deal of wit and humour; but wanted judgment, and had no virtue or principle of any kind. These essential defects made his whole life one continued train of inconsistencies. He was ambitious beyond measure, and implacable in his resentments; these qualities were the effects, or different faces of his pride; which, whenever he pleased to lay aside, no man living could be more entertaining in conversation. He had a wonderful talent in turning all things into ridicule; but, by his own conduct, made a more ridiculous figure in the world, than any other he could, with all his vivacity of wit, and turn of imagination, draw of others. Frolick and pleasure took up the greatest part of his life; and in these he neither had any taste, nor set himself any bounds; running into the wildest extravagancies, and pushing his debaucheries to a height, which even a libertine age could not help censuring as downright madness. He inherited the best estate which any subject had at that time in England; yet his profuseness made him always necessitous; as that necessity made him grasp at every thing that could help to support his expences. He was lavish without generosity, and proud without magnanimity; and, though he did not want some bright talents, yet no good one ever made part of his composition; for there was nothing so mean that he would not stoop to, nor any thing so flagrantly impious, but he was capable of undertaking."

Vol. ii. p. 345.

"You must permit me to remind you, Sir," said Edward, "with the view of giving some slight relief to the dark but forcible picture which the satirist you have just quoted has placed before us, that one truly generous and disinterested action may at least be ascribed to his Grace. I allude to the annuity which for several years previous to the death of Cowley, he liberally bestowed on that amiable man and ingenious poet; nor must we forget the very handsome monument which he erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey."

"I thank you, my dear Edward, for bringing these circumstances to my recollection, and much, indeed, do I wish that your memory were charged with more instances of a similar kind. But even acts of this description, had they been numerous, could have made little atonement to society for the injuries which his Grace has been the means of inflicting on it; for though I have praised, and justly praised, the spirit and fidelity with which Dryden has sketched the general manners, and ostensible character of the Duke, it is worthy of remark, that he has, with a forbearance, not common in

a poetical satirist, and especially in one who had just been held up to ridicule by the very personage whose portrait he was drawing, confined himself in a great measure to the foibles and follies of his adversary, to the task of enumerating what could only excite pity or contempt, when he had it in his power to depicture crimes which might have made his readers shudder."

"Can it be true," said Llwellyn, "that the Duke, according to common report, is in circumstances of pecuniary distress; that he can have dissipated the princely fortune which he once possessed?"

"Every page in the history of this nobleman," replied Mr. Walsingham, "carries with it something extraordinary; nor are the mutations of his property unaccompanied by features much less remarkable than those which have distinguished almost every event of his life. Deprived of his estates, which were bestowed on the Republican General Lord Fairfax, he fled to the continent, to join his unfortunate sovereign; but, anxious to retrieve his affairs, he soon after returned privately to England, and had the address to secure the affections o-

Mary, daughter and sole heiress of the very man to whom his property had been assigned. This lady he married in 1657, and, through her interest, he not only redeemed his former vast possessions from the hands of the sequestrators, but assured to himself the claim of succeeding to a large accession of wealth, as a further result of the connection. The only blameless and happy period of his life, indeed, appears to have been that which he spent under the roof of his father-in-law, in consequence of this marriage. Yet this residence, and this connection, such was his influence over the mind of Charles the Second, deprived him of no portion of the royal favour; for after the restoration, not only was he left to the enjoyment of the largest estate which any subject at that time possessed in England, but rank, and honours, and power, were accumulated on his head.

"Thus endowed with all that wealth and influence could give, with all that wit and humour, and the faculty of pleasing could bestow, what might he not have effected, both for the benefit of himself and others, had not a boundless love of pleasure, and an ambition ever restless and

unsatisfied, converted these splendid donations into the instruments of his ruin and destruction! Yes, my friend, not only has the poverty to which you have alluded overtaken him, as one consequence of this abandonment to appetite and passion, but vices of the most atrocious kind, both public and private, disaffection, and rebellion, seduction, adultery, and murder, have followed in the train. But the subject is awfully distressing, and we will, therefore, revert to what, though incidentally connected with this extraordinary character, is of itself an object of pleasing contemplation, — the Castle of Helmsley."

"I must confess," remarked Llwellyn, "that while these relics of feudal strength and magnificence are haunted by a being so guilty as their present Lord, they can scarcely be viewed without the intrusion of very unwelcome associations. His absence, therefore, must render a visit to these striking remains of ancient baronial grandeur, an object not to be neglected by those who have never had the gratification of seeing them; and, of course, I recommend you, my love," addressing Hoel, "to avail

yourself of Edward's kind offer, whenever the weather and his leisure will allow you to undertake the excursion."

One great source of entertainment, indeed, to these young people, was founded on their mutual taste for the beauties of nature, and for those interesting vestiges of other days, which time, and the still more destructive hand of man, had spared. For Hoel, though apparently not more than fifteen years old, had long been the companion of his father's walks; and to have been with Llwellyn on these occasions, while the enjoyment of sight was yet granted to him, without catching a portion of his enthusiasm was impossible. Edward, as we have already seen, was, both from disposition, accident, and reading, a lover of whatever was wild and pensive, imaginative and sublime; and it is, therefore, an easy task to conceive, how greatly their pleasures must have been enhanced, by the free and unreserved communication which now subsisted between them. From the rising to the setting sun, in fact, with the exception of a few hours devoted to the educational arrangements of Mr. Walsingham, they were

in pursuit of all that hill and valley, wood and stream could afford; gratifications which, from their simplicity and variety, are well known to those who are happy enough to have acquired the taste necessary for their enjoyment, to be never-ceasing and never-palling.

It was, during one of these perambulations, and not long after the conversation which we have just recorded had past, that towards the evening of a fine day, they unexpectedly came within view of the Keep of Helmsley Castle. They had been ascending, for some time, a very steep acclivity, and on reaching the summit, which formed, as it were, a natural terrace, they beheld immediately beneath them, and at a considerable depth, the beautiful Rye, winding through its equally beautiful valley, and forming, in the very centre of it, a noble cascade, thickly overhung with dark and lofty wood; while in front of their position, and between hills of no mean altitude, and through which the river poured its course, was seen to open another branch of this extensive and variegated vale; in the midst of which, and in the bosom of numerous scattered groups of trees, appeared, as if placed there by

the directing wish of Claude or Poussin, Helmsley Church, picturesque portions of the town, and, rising above all, the venerable ruins of the castle. The effect was beyond measure striking; and as Edward, with all that glow of animation which so generally lighted up his features on such an occasion, was pointing out these objects to his companion, the westering sun caught the summit of the lofty keep, and completed the picture.

After pausing for some time to admire this sudden developement of beauty and grandeur, they hastened to take a nearer view of what had charmed them so much in the distance; and descending through hanging woods, the darkness of whose foliage contrasted in a very remarkable manner with the sparkling brightness of the river, they soon reached the object of their walk, the ancient residence for many generations of Sir Walter L'Espec and his descendants.

Hoel, to whom this place, from the style and object of its architecture, presented in every point of view the attractions of novelty, was in the highest degree gratified and amused. Not only was he interested by the magnificent re-

mains of this feudal fortress, but he was delighted with the extraordinary beauty of its situation.

Nothing, indeed, can be well more lovely and romantic than the scenery of which these ruins still form so striking a feature. They are placed on a considerable eminence, and surrounded by a double moat, once filled by the waters of the Rye, but now shadowed by many noble trees: the disposition and effect of which are such, as probably no taste, however exquisite, could improve. It has, in fact, been said, and perhaps justly, that each, when considered, both in relation to its own peculiar form, and to its position with respect to the ruin, forms a perfect picture; so much of richness, solemnity, and awe, do their dark and gigantic branches, especially when agitated by the passing storm, throw over the aspect and impression of the scene.

If a sense of majesty and sublimity, however, be the general emotion felt on contemplating the ruin itself, frowning, as it still seems to do, with baronial grandeur on the subject vale; it is sweetly and gracefully contrasted by the cha-

racter of the landscape which enfolds it. Woods sweeping over the neighbouring heights and pendant to their base, vallies green, winding, and sequestered, and rivulets murmuring as they flow, are its prominent features, and communicate to the mind a sensation of inexpressible loveliness and serenity.

In the very front of the castle, and washing, as it were, the foot of the eminence on which it stands, pass on, clear and rapid in their course, the mountain waters of the Rye, meandering reach after reach, through enclosures of the softest green, and often under the shelter of aged trees, whose boughs, stretched athwart its stream, seem listening to the music which it makes upon its rocky bed.

Such *is*, at the present hour, the scenery which surrounds this romantic ruin; and such *was*, with the exception of the trees which now shade the moat, its aspect, when Edward and Hoel passed through it in their way to the great gate of the castle.

"How calm and soothing is this scene," said the latter, as he hearkened to the cadence of the river; "and how refreshing to the wearied

spirits! more especially, if we compare its present stillness and repose with what must have been its state in days of yore; for I perceive, that this castle has been a place of uncommon strength; and, no doubt, the object of many a bloody conflict."

"From the era of Sir Walter L'Espec, in the turbulent times of Stephen," replied Edward, "to the period of the late civil war, in the reign of Charles the First, it was, doubtless, considered as a station of great importance, and, therefore, subject to all the vicissitudes of warfare. Of so much consequence, indeed, was it held, as a barrier against the incursions of our Caledonian neighbours, that in the 13th of Edward the Third, that Prince having received intelligence that the Scotch menaced him with another invasion, he immediately commanded William de Roos instantly to repair to his castle at Hamlake (Helmsley), and to remain there with his men during the winter, in order to ensure the protection of these northern districts. Nor has it been less, in days long gone by, the seat of revelry and hospitality; for the Roos's, independent of their wealth, were

highly and extensively connected, not only with some of the first noble families of the kingdom, such as the Warwicks, Northumberlands, &c.; but even with the Royal Houses of England and Scotland; and tradition records them to have lived in a style corresponding with their rank and opulence."

"Then this ancient fortress, whose ruins we are now contemplating," remarked Hoel, "owes its dilapidated state to so late a period as that of the unhappy contest between Charles and his deluded subjects."

"It was after the sanguinary battle of Marston-Moor, on the 2d July, 1644," rejoined Edward, "that Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Fairfax, taking advantage of a decisive victory which he had obtained on that fatal day, marched directly on the city of York; and having captured that important place on the 15th of the same month, it was thought necessary, towards the subjugation of the north, that a station of so much strength as was then the castle of Helmsley, should be also in the hands of the parliamentary army; and, accordingly, Fairfax, in the September following, sate down before it, and, after a

siege of some length, secured its possession. The attempt, however, had nearly cost him his life; for, whilst engaged in directing the attack, he received a dangerous shot in one of his shoulders, and was carried to York in a state which rendered his recovery for some time a matter of considerable doubt."

"And this was the Lord Fairfax, I presume," said Hoel, "to whom the present Duke of Buckingham, having secured the affection of the daughter, was indebted for the restoration of his property."

"It is now but seventeen years since the decease of this celebrated general," rejoined Edward, "who died repentant of the part which he had taken in the rebellion, and beloved for his many private virtues. He was, towards the close of his life, a martyr to the most painful of distempers; and absolutely confined to his chair, in which he is said to have 'sat like an old Roman, his manly countenance striking awe and reverence into all that beheld him; while it was mixed with as much modesty and sweetness, as were ever represented in the

figure of mortal man.' * So impressive, indeed, was the influence of his character on all around him, that it extorted, even from the present Lord of Helmsley, the noblest lines which ever issued from his pen. They form a kind of Pindaric epitaph, and do so much honour to the memory of the man whom they commemorate that I cannot refrain, situated as we now are, on the very spot where he once fought and bled, from repeating to you a few of the most emphatic passages.

Under this stone doth lie
One born for victory,
Fairfax the valiant, and the only He
Whoe'er for that alone a conqueror would be.

Both sex's virtues were in him combin'd,
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of woman-kind.

He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His soul was fill'd with worth and honesty,

* From a paper extracted from an original manuscript by Dr. Bryan Fairfax. Vide Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, vol. xiv. p. 72, note.

And with another thing quite out of date,
Call'd modesty.—

He neither wealth nor places sought;
For others, not himself, he fought.
He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That when he pleased to conquer, he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than honourably good.

"How much is it to be deplored," observed Hoel, "that he who could thus so well panegyrise the virtues of others, should himself be destitute of what he must have known could alone secure him the approbation of his own heart, and the plaudit of posterity. In yonder splendid suite of apartments, I suppose, which range along the western side of these ruins, resides this unhappy man, the victim of his own ungoverned passions and licentious appetites."

"It is in yonder mansion, indeed, that he

endeavours to forget, in the shouts of forced revelry and mirth, the reproaches of his conscience, and the ridicule of his contemporaries. But turning from this abode of luxury and guilt, and which, as a modern structure of so late an age as the reign of James the First, merits little of our attention, let us now enter the Castle of Robert, or as he was surnamed, Fursan De Roos, to whom, about the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is probable that we are to ascribe, if not the foundation, yet the improvement of the fortress on such a scale as to have rendered it, in fact, a striking proof of the military power and architectural skill of our ancestors."

As Edward said this, they approached the grand entrance to the castle facing the south, and immediately opposite the Rye. The effect on passing beneath this noble arch-way, defended as it is by double gates, and flanked by two towers of massy strength, was necessarily highly solemn and impressive; and such, indeed, was its influence on the susceptible character of Hoel, that he involuntarily shuddered from a mingled emotion of delight and awe. Edward

smiled as he witnessed in another, that which he had so often recognised in himself, and, after pausing for a few moments to enjoy the silent astonishment of his young friend, he directed his attention to the alterations which this part of the building seemed to have undergone from successive generations; to the depth and breadth of the outer ditch by which it was defended, and to the additional protection which it must have received from the circular towers at each angle of the castle, some of which, on the angles nearest to the great gateway, were yet remaining. "How often, my dear Hoel," he exclaimed, with all a poet's enthusiasm, "how often has the tide of war rolled with disappointed fury from these walls; and how often has the prisoner wept within their iron bounds! Here, however, no longer may the victor triumph, or the captive mourn; and where the trumpet pealed its praise, and where the minstrel swept his lyre, nought save the whisper of the evening breeze, or the shrill sounding of the midnight storm, can now be heard! And mark, my friend, where yonder central tower rears its embattled head! How does it look like some stupendous

giant, shrunk with, age and hoar with time, frowning, it is true, upon the plain beneath, but impotent for aught beside!"

Hoel now smiled, in his turn, at the unexpected enthusiam, and metaphorical language of his companion; but at the same time, the augmenting energy of his own manner, and the increased animation which beamed from his eyes, pretty plainly showed that he had himself caught a portion of the same infection. It was, indeed, scarcely possible, such was the striking character of these castellated remains, and such the beauty of their situation, to resist that appeal to fancy and to feeling, which so often powerfully, and almost involuntarily flows from the reviviscence of associated imagery; and more especially when beheld as now, on an evening of peculiar loveliness and serenity, and where all was breathing of repose and peace.

It is at this calm hour, indeed, that a ruin such as Helmsley Castle, once the chosen seat of military strength, or feudal splendor, must, from the very force of contrast, make its most effective impression; and as such was it felt both by Edward and Hoel, as they stood at the foot

of its massy and half fallen keep. The remains of an avenue leading from the grand gate of entrance, had conducted them to this the most important part of the fortress, the north-western aspect of which was entire, and surmounted at each angle by a lofty turret, which, together with every other portion of the tower itself, exhibited, both in its plan and execution, a specimen of architecture as beautiful and commanding as it was compact and strong.

Near this majestic keep, whose interior was pointed out by Edward as having undergone various successive modifications, and whose turreted summit formed, from its great elevation, a most interesting object to the surrounding country, were seen the vestiges of what had probably been a chapel, which, with the relics of another gateway on the north side, and some scattered fragments of foundation, constituted, together with the parts already enumerated, the whole of what the ravages of war had spared of this once importantf ortress, whose scite, being not only elevated, but exhibiting in various parts masses of rock bare and projecting from its sides, added much to the force and sublimity of the effect.

Amid these ruins, fascinated by their awful and impressive character, and yet further seduced by the loveliness and tranquillity of the evening, whose yellow light still rested warm and glowing on the shivered summit of the keep, did Edward and Hoel long wander delighted, and regardless of the passing hour. The increasing gloom, however, which was gathering deep within the precincts of the castle, and the last farewell of the descending sun, tinging with a long line of bright red the verge of the western horizon, at length brought with them the remembrance that they had more than two miles to walk on their return to Rivaulx, a suggestion which breaking in upon the recollections of the days of old, and somewhat ungratefully dissipating the illusions which were rising fast around them, they reluctantly turned to retire. The singular beauty of the scenery, however, as beheld through the deep arch of the grand entrance, as through the massy frame of a picture, struck them so forcibly as they were about to retrace their path, that they paused to admire it. It was, in fact, striking and picturesque in a very high degree; or, whilst the

dark depth of the gateway cast almost a blackness on the ground throughout its whole length, the landscape seen beyond it was yet partially tinted with the crimson of the setting sun, which flung its rich light, not only on various portions of the foliage which overhung the stream of the Rye, and on the stems of some lofty and detached trees, but glancing on the cattle which were scattered feeding over the mound, rendered them, from the power of contrast, very distinct and luminous objects to the eye.

Whilst commenting on the effect of this delightful, but somewhat extraordinary view, and which looked, indeed, both in point of size and perspective, like a scene dropped on the stage of a theatre, Hoel, observing on the right of the gate-way an ascent resembling a broken flight of steps, and which conducted to a wide and open standing place or breach in the wall, directly over the crown of the arch, heedlessly, and with the intent of surveying the landscape from this more elevated and unobstructed station, sprang forward, and had just reached the spot he had wished to attain, when, his foot slipping in consequence of a stone loosening

from its attachment, he was precipitated to the bottom at the exterior foot of the gate-way.

Edward instantly, and in great agitation, ran to his assistance, and found him stretched on the ground in a state of complete insensibility, pale as death, and apparently lifeless. He had the presence of mind, however, immediately to hurry with him in his arms towards the river, where, placing him gently on the bank, and opening his vest for the more effective aspersion of the water, he started back in astonishment on beholding the beautiful bosom of a female. The discovery, for a moment, from its total unexpectedness, suspended his efforts; but it was but for a moment, for a new interest was now awakened in his breast, and he had soon the gratification of perceiving that the shock arising from the water was about to restore animation. A slight quivering on the lips, succeeded by a deep sigh, and accompanied by a tremulous motion of the eye-lids, were the precursors of this happy event. But what was the tumult of emotion which sprang in the bosom of the gentle sufferer, when recognition told her that her secret was no longer within her own keeping! The

imploring expression of the deep blue eye, the tear that trembled on its verge, the suffusion which encrimsoned a cheek, but a moment before pale as the mountain snow, were indications which could not be mistaken, and were felt, indeed, deep within the heart of him who now hung over her with every attention which sensibility and delicacy could suggest.

Fortunately no material injury had been received; but such, notwithstanding, had been the violence of the shock, that some time elapsed before Edward had the gratification of seeing his now very interesting companion sufficiently revived to be able to walk, even with all the assistance which he was desirous of bestowing. As soon, however, as this could be done without pain, he strongly recommended that, as much faintness and sense of weakness still remained, they should call at the mansion-house for some slight refreshment, a proposal which, as the Duke was absent, and Helmsley, though not far off, somewhat more distant, was not objected to, and they accordingly moved slowly forward to the principal porch.

They were received in the great hall with

much civility by Sir Ralph Blenford, the steward of the house, who, on learning the accident which had happened, very politely ordered refreshments to be brought them, offering, at the same time, any conveyance to Rivaulx which the Duke's stables in his absence could afford. As Hoel, however, now professed to be, and really felt, almost perfectly recovered, and they were likewise apprehensive that such a mode of return might occasion great and unnecessary alarm, the offer was declined with many acknowledgements, and they left Helmsley with as much rapidity as the bruises which poor Hoel had received would allow.

The evening, though fine, was now so far advanced as to render almost every object indistinct and obscure, a circumstance peculiarly welcome to one of the parties, as it, in a great measure, concealed the blushes and confusion which the late accident had not yet ceased to occasion.

The feelings, in short, of both, with respect to each other, had undergone, within the compass of one short hour, a strange alteration; and they journeyed on for some time absorbed

in thought, and with scarcely the exchange of a word, though the kind assiduity of Edward in relieving, as much as possible, the exertions and fatigue of his companion, was such as very clearly to indicate what was passing within his breast. He had, indeed, been more or less than man, if the discovery which he had just made, preceded as it was by all the circumstances and events we have recorded, had not made an impression on his heart. But when we recollect how that heart was constituted, how susceptible of the best, and noblest, and tenderest affections, how singular and romantic had been the incident, and how good and beautiful the being who had formed its object, we shall not wonder to find that the friendship he had so recently entertained was fast maturing into love.

"May I venture to enquire," he at length said, as he had just assisted his trembling companion over the stepping-stones of a shallow brook, "may I venture to enquire by what name I am in future to address her whom chance has so lately and so kindly introduced to me?" "My name, my real name," replied

the lovely girl, smiling, yet with trepidation, is Adeline, the name of my beloved mother; and believe me, Edward, when I say, that though Hoel is no more, Adeline will, with never-dying gratitude, remember the kindness you have ever shown him."

As she said this, and with an accent and manner which gave added sweetness to the sentiment, Mr. Walsingham, with Llwellyn leaning on his arm appeared in sight; and Edward and Adeline, fearful that apprehensions for their safety had brought them thus far, and at so late an hour from home, hastened, though with some anxiety, to meet them.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XIV.

Μεγαλοι δι λογοι, και εμβριθεις δι εννοιαι

LONGINUS.

A work sublime in words, and weighty in matter.

AMONG the great writers of the seventeenth century, whose productions, though meriting an immortality of fame, have fallen into neglect, may be mentioned the name of Sir Thomas Browne.

When Dr. Johnson, more than half a century ago, employed his powerful talents on the biography of this once celebrated physician and philosopher, it was to have been expected, that such an effort from such a quarter would have excited the attention of the public, and brought forward the object of his just praise. But the result has not been in any degree commensurate to the wishes of those who have studied the writings of Browne, with a deep and well-

founded admiration for their value and originality.

One great cause of this failure, may probably be ascribed to the circumstance, that of those whose curiosity has been stimulated by the encomium of Johnson to consult the works of Browne, the greater number has been induced, from the attraction of title, rather to refer to the "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," or to "The Garden of Cyrus," than to the "Religio Medici," or the "Hydriotaphia." The consequence has been, that the two chief faults of the writer, the latinity of his style, so striking a feature in the first of these productions, and the lawless eccentricity of his fancy, so singularly prominent in the second, have occasioned either perplexity or disgust; and the folio has insensibly dropped from the hands of its disappointed readers.

That this could ever have been the case, had the Religio Medici been entered upon by any reader of taste and feeling, I am most unwilling to believe; for I know of no prose work of the century in which it appeared, not even excepting the writings of Jeremy Taylor and

Milton, which abounds in more decisive proofs of fervency of genius, sublimity of sentiment, and richness of imagination. It is, moreover, a work of exalted piety; and, as it was written early in life, when the author was not more than thirty years of age, it has nearly, if not altogether, escaped that deluge of exotic phraseology which has so materially blemished his subsequent compositions.

It must not, however, be denied, that even in this production, admirable as it is in many parts, there are passages, and those not very unfrequently occurring, which either by their paradoxical subtlety, their quaint and fantastic imagery, or their unguarded familiarity of illustration, are calculated, not only to injure its effect as a whole, but to weaken that impression on the mind, which every friend to virtue and religion would wish its nobler parts indelibly to fix.

It is on this account, and especially at the present period, when scepticism and infidelity have reared their heads with such effrontery amid the walks of science, that I esteem myself to be doing an acceptable service to the public,

in once more bringing before it the best portions of the best work of this great and good man, of this profound philosopher and truly Christian physician.

And if, whilst thus employed in the grateful task of selecting passages worthy of being had in everlasting remembrance, I have ventured, occasionally, to accompany them with a commentary of my own, I beg it to be understood, that in so doing, I have chiefly had in view, either the corroboration of their doctrine through the medium of what subsequent opinion has produced, or the applicability of their sentiment to the circumstances of the present times.

Previous, however, to my entering on this minute consideration of the book, it will, I think, be of essential service to the cause which I am about to advocate, to state, that the life of Sir Thomas Browne, which was protracted to the age of seventy-seven, and terminated on his birth-day, October the 19th, 1682, was in strict conformity, as to religious practice, with the tenor of his writings. "The opinions of every man," observes Dr. Johnson, in concluding his biography of this estimable character, "must

be learned from himself; concerning his practice, it is safest to trust the evidence of others. Where these testimonies concur, no higher degree of historical certainty can be obtained; and they apparently concur to prove, that Browne was a zealous adherent to the faith of Christ, that he lived in obedience to his laws, and died in confidence of his mercy." *

The Religio Medici, which was written in 1635, and first surreptitiously presented to the world in 1642, was not originally intended for the public eye; but was composed, as the author tells us, in his address to the reader, as "a private exercise directed to himself;" a circumstance, which has thrown over the work much additional interest and value, by giving to its matter a more unreserved tone of communication, and to its style a greater freedom and vivacity. There is another anecdote also connected with the work of still greater importance; for Mr. Whitefoot, the bosom friend of the author, has declared, that, to the last, Sir Thomas

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne, originally prefixed to the second edition of his "Christian Morals," which appeared in the year 1756.

never found reason to deviate from the religious principles which he had laid down in this his earliest publication. *

It may be necessary likewise to premise, ere I commence my extracts, that I have not taken them in the regular order of the book; but have selected and classed them in the manner which I have deemed best calculated for the purposes of perspicuity; with this limitation, however, that as the work is divided into two parts, the first including the subject of *faith*, and the second, that of *charity*, I have carefully avoided, by an arrangement appropriated to each department, all intermixture of the two topics.

From this first part, therefore, as devoted to the consideration of *faith*, I now proceed to form my quotations, commencing with those supremely awful and sublime subjects, — the *Creation of Man* and the *Providence of God*.

"The whole Creation," observes my author, speaking of the operations of the Deity, "is a mystery, and particularly that of man; at the

* Vide Memoirs of Browne, by Mr. John Whitefoot, prefixed to his Antiquities of Norwich.

blast of his mouth were the rest of the creatures made; and at his bare word they started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it), he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create as to make him. When he had separated the materials of other creatures, there consequently resulted a form and soul; but having raised the walls of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation, of a substance like himself, an incorruptible and immortal soul.

"In our study of anatomy, there is a mass of mysterious philosophy, and such as reduced the very heathens to divinity; yet, amongst all those rare discoveries, and curious pieces, which I find in the fabric of man, I do not so much content myself, as in that which I find not; for in the brain, which we term the seat of reason, there is not any thing of moment more than I can discover in the cranium of a beast; and this is a sensible and no inconsiderable argument of the inorganity of the soul; at least, in that sense, we usually so receive it. Thus, we are men, and we know not how; there is something in us, that can be without us, and will be after us. —

"I believe, that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death, as before it was materialled unto life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; and that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of Heaven.

"There are two books from whence I collect my divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universal and public manuscript, that lies expanded unto the eyes of all; those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other. — Nor do I so forget God, as to adore the name of Nature; which I define not with the schools, the principle of motion and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course the wisdom of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their several kinds. To make a revolution every day, is the Nature of the sun, because that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, by a faculty from that voice which first

did give it motion. Now this course of nature God seldom alters or perverts; but, like an excellent artist, hath so contrived his work, that with the selfsame instrument, without a new creation, he may effect his obscurest designs. Yet, this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not: and thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is; and, therefore, to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honour of the principal agent upon the instrument: which if with reason we may do, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writing."

What a contrast do these admirable quotations form, when opposed to the scepticism of the present day, to the doctrines of the physiological materialists of the school of Bichat! A system of philosophy, if so it can be called, which, should it ever unhappily prevail in the medical world, would render the often-repeated, though hitherto ill-founded, sarcasm against the

profession of *ubi tres medici, duo Athei*, no longer a matter of calumny.

It is, however, with pride and pleasure that, at a period when scepticism has been obtruded upon us as a topic of distinction and triumph, and even taught in our public schools, we can point to a roll of illustrious names, the most consummate for their talent among those who have made the study of life, and health and disease their peculiar profession, who have publicly borne testimony to their firm belief in the existence of their God, and in the immortality of the human soul. When Galen, meditating on the structure and functions of the body, broke forth into that celebrated declaration, *Compono hic profecto Canticum in creatoris nostri laudem**, he but led the way to similar but still more important avowals from the mighty names of Boerhaave and of Haller †, of Sydenham and

* Vide Galen. lib. iii. De Usu Partium.

† Of Haller, the greatest physician and physiologist perhaps that ever lived, and who was, at the same time, the best poet and philosopher of his age, it has been justly said, that, persuaded of a future life, he waited with confidence for that consummation which shall dissipate the mists of human wisdom, and display to us the universe such as it actually is, by

of Browne, and of Mead; men unrivalled for their professional sagacity, and alike impressed with the deepest conviction of one great first cause of future being and of eternity, "that ancient source as well as universal sepulchre of worlds and ages, in which the duration of this globe is lost as that of a day, and the life of man as a moment." *

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the light of a new luminary, emanating from the Divinity himself. Convinced of the reality of revelation, by diligently studying the Scriptures, he could not behold with indifference any attacks on this fundamental law, this strongest bond of society; and at a time, when other illustrious men prostituted their fame and talents in making dangerous attacks upon religion, he thought it his duty to enter the lists as her avowed champion and defender."

His death was in conformity with his principles, for he met his dissolution "with the calmness of a philosopher, and, what is transcendently superior, with the lively faith of a Christian. His last words were addressed to the physician who attended him. 'My friend,' said he to M. Rosselet, 'the artery no longer beats,' and immediately he expired."

Vide General Biographical Dictionary, vol. xvii. p. 63, 64.

* An excellent Defence of the Professors of Medicine against the charge of impiety, was written towards the close of the seventeenth century by Charles Drelincourt, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Leyden, under the title of "Oratio Doctoralis, qua Medicos Dei operum consideratione atque contemplatione permotos, cæteris hominibus Religioni astrictiores esse demonstratur: atque adeo impietatis crimen in ipsos jactatum diluitur."

That organized matter, however subtile and intricate may be its arrangement, can ever, according to the doctrines of the fashionable school of French physiology, be productive, as a mere consequence of its structure, of thought, is a position in all its bearings and tendencies, alike impossible and absurd; for, setting aside the *vis inertiæ*, the *hardness* and *impenetrability* of matter, qualities perfectly incompatible with the properties of thought, its divisibility is alone decisive of the question. No one will venture to deny, that to an individual and thinking being, consciousness, and, therefore, unity of principle, are essential; and whatever forms the source and essence of individuality, cannot without a palpable contradiction in terms, admit of separation and division.

But, waving all further consideration of this branch of the subject, which might fill volumes, the question may be at once decided by an appeal to the ultimate result of the material hypothesis, which if it shall be found, not only clogged with difficulties beyond measure, greater than attends what may be called the religious view of the subject, but leading moreover to

absurdities bare and absolute beyond all parallel, must of course be dismissed with contempt.

If matter, as the necessary result of its organization, be capable of thought, spirit or an immaterial principle is at once annihilated, and consequently *one* first, eternal, and independent cause, one source of life and intellect, no longer exists. Here the sceptic triumphs, because he has gotten rid, as he conceives, of what he cannot perfectly comprehend. But mark the result of the expedient to which he is driven. In order to account for the origin and perpetuity of life, he is compelled to have recourse to the doctrine of successive and infinite generation, a theory which, when traced to its ultimate consequence, necessarily leads to the substitution of many thousand first causes instead of one. For as *infinite* succession can have no beginning, it must of course inevitably follow, that every species of existence, vegetable or animal, must have been from all eternity, a self-independent being, a first cause as to itself, without commencement or termination!

In comparison with this substitution, the *dernier* resource of the infidel, and which, in fact, converts matter into a million of indepen-

dent deities, how simple is the doctrine of religion and of immaterialism! — And this follows from refusing to believe in one Eternal spirit as the Creator of all things, merely because we cannot understand his essence, because eternity, and therefore infinity, falls not within the comprehension of a finite mind.

Not in this manner philosophized Sir Thomas Browne, who, speaking of the inadequacy of the human intellect in its efforts to comprehend the nature of the Deity, sublimely observes, "My philosophy dares not say the angels can do it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; it is a privilege of his own nature; *I am that I am*, was his own definition unto Moses; and it was a short one to confound mortality, that durst question God, or ask him what *he* was. Indeed *he* only is; all others have, and shall be; but in eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term *predestination*, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is, in respect to God, no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that

he first decreed it; for to his eternity, which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in *Abraham*'s bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, a thousand years to God are but as one day. For, to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into thousands of years, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point without succession, parts, flux, or division."

The doctrine of organization, as the cause and source of thought, appears to have arisen from confounding *connection* with *identity*; from inferring that, as in the visible universe, mind is found always connected with organic matter; it is, therefore, the result of structure, and has consequently no separate or independent origin.

A sound and correct view, however, of the attributes of the Deity, such as they appear, both from reason and scripture, would, whilst it pointed out the mutual connection of mind and matter, as clearly and as satisfactorily display their mutual independence.

I will venture, therefore, following the example of the great author who has so nobly expatiated on subjects of a similar nature, to give an outline of what may seem warranted, both by reason, analogy, and revelation, concerning the existence and operating powers of one Supreme, Almighty Cause, the source of life and motion.

It would appear, then, from a due consideration of the data, which these channels of intelligence afford us, that God is the only pure and disembodied spirit in the universe, occupying and pervading all space, but necessarily, from the perfect immateriality of his essence, invisible; and therefore he is emphatically and correctly designated by the appellation of the *invisible God*.

The *visible world*, therefore, could only start into existence at the creation of matter by the fiat or volition of the Deity, who, by organizing it in every possible variety of form, has rendered it the recipient of mind or thought, or, to speak more properly, of his own essence or *vis divina*.

How the great primary being, the fountain of self-agency, a being purely spiritual, and,

therefore, in his own essence perfectly invisible, unites himself with matter, must ever remain beyond our comprehension; but the fact is ever before us; for no one, I presume, will deny that an idea is incorporeal, and yet the action of idea or thought on our bodily frame is hourly and momentarily manifest, and effectuated in a mode, no doubt, similar to that by which the Almighty first acted on organized matter.

It is our belief, indeed, that life, with all its properties, *vegetable*, *animal*, and *intellectual*, is nothing more than a manifestation of the *vis divina*, varied or limited according to the organization which it informs and regulates; that *intellectual* life, or that integral portion of the Divine Being which constitutes the soul of man, is, as the result of its endowment with consciousness, and moral responsibility, destined to distinct personal individuation throughout all eternity, and that consequently it will be for ever accompanied by some system of organization as the *instrument* of *visible* identity; whilst *animal* life, as exhibiting only the sentient principle, and possessing neither reflection, abstrac-

tion, imagination, or responsibility, will have no future personal or conscious existence.

That this doctrine, as far as it respects the Soul or mind of man, is warranted by Scripture, can admit of no doubt. For we are there told, not only that it shall be associated in a future state with a body termed celestial, in contradistinction to its former terrestrial one, but that it shall resemble the glorified body of our Saviour.

But we may advance a step farther than this; for we are told, that such as was the body of our Saviour after his transit through the gates of death, and at the moment of his ascension into heaven, such it will be on descending to judge the earth; a declaration which renders it probable not only that mind is connected with matter, as the instrument of visible personification even to the foot-stool of the Deity, but that the revelation of the Supreme Being to man in a future state, as far as his essence can become an object of visible adoration, will be through the medium of that form in which even on earth the fullness of the Godhead dwelt bodily.

How delightful is it to human feelings and associations to reflect, that the great First Cause,

that only source of life, who hath been from eternity, who so fills and actuates all space, that to say where he is not, that is, where being is not, would be absurd, has so condescended to the nature and constitution of his creatures as to promise that, as he connected himself in full energy with the terrestrial organization of man for the purposes of his redemption, so will he in a future state be known to him under a similar form, as God united to man in the utmost effulgence of visible glory. For thus far we may safely infer from the tenor of the sacred writings, which reveal to us Christ as not only solicitous after his resurrection to become an object of identity and recognition to his disciples, as spirit still connected with materiality, though in an infinitely more pure and glorified state, but as declaring that hereafter we shall see him face to face, recognising him not only as the Saviour of the world, but as the express personification of the parent Deity, who, as a perfectly abstract and incorporeal spirit, and as essentially possessing ubiquity, cannot be an object of form or sight.

It would appear then, that, from the source

of being to the lowest portion of animated nature, organized matter has been assumed as the *instrument* of personal visibility, and as the medium through which the *Vis Divina*, the primary and sole origin of self-agency, acts. Nor is this incompatible, or inconsistent with the general idea which has been formed of another world, in contradistinction to this gross terrestrial one; for we are well acquainted, in our present state, with matter in so subtle and attenuated a form as not only to possess the most limitless rapidity of movement, but to enjoy the faculty of permeating and even incorporating with all other bodies, as in the instances of the galvanic and magnetic fluids, and the fluids of heat and light. Analogy, therefore, together with the authority of revelation, which has informed us that our bodies in a future state of being shall be glorified and incorruptible, almost necessarily leads us to conclude that matter, in its approach to the throne of the Deity, is susceptible of an almost indefinite degree of purity and subtlety, both in its substance and organization, so as to form a suitable recipient and vehicle of individuation for that emanation of the *Vis*

Divina, the *human mind*, when liberated from its gross and earthly mansion, and which, as being endowed with the faculty of acquiring knowledge by abstract reason alone, must, in its *essence*, be considered as on a level with the first orders of created beings, and not only, from its origin, incapable of extinction *in se*, but, as a direct result of its moral responsibility, endowed with an ever-during *distinct* and *personal* consciousness, as the medium of punishment or reward, of suffering or enjoyment.

To confound what was formed for the investment of spirit — for the purposes of *visible* individuation, with the intellect that called it into being; to devolve the properties of the agent on the instrument; to make the tool beget the workman, or, in other words, to affirm that the creation of the brain generates mind, and that of the eye vision, is the gross error of the physiological materialists of the present day, and leads, as we have before observed, to the absurd result of a *polytheism* of mere matter.

Descending, however, from these speculations, in their nature certainly highly curious and interesting, let me declare, in the words of

Sir Thomas Browne, and in relation to that great First Cause, whose attributes and administration we have been venturing to contemplate, that "I know he is wise in all, wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not; for we behold him but upon reflex or shadow;" adding, in the eloquent language of the same writer, and as an apology for the introduction of disquisition on topics thus lofty and mysterious, that "the world was made to be studied and contemplated by man: it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works: those highly magnify him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a *devout* and learned admiration. — And this is almost all wherein an humble creature may endeavour to requite, and some

way to retribute unto his Creator; for if not he that sayeth, *Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of his Father, shall be saved;* certainly our wills must be our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwise our pious labours shall find anxiety in their graves, and our best endeavours, not hope, but fear a resurrection."

From the noble and sublime confession of his faith, which our philosophic physician has given us, in relation to the attributes of God, and the nature of man, let us now turn to what he has left recorded of his creed on the equally momentous subject of revealed religion. After a mature consideration, then, of the various religions of the earth, having in his riper years, and confirmed judgment, seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, he tells us, by the principles of grace, and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other faith than that of Christianity. But as this had been, through the folly and iniquity of mankind, grossly corrupted from its original purity, he thinks it necessary to state that he is of the Reformed Religion; "Of the same belief our Saviour taught, the

Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Prelates, and the fatal corruption of the times, so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the careful and charitable hands of these times to restore it to its primitive integrity." And yet, as there were not only many reformers, but likewise many species of reformation, "every country proceeding in a particular way and method, according as their national interest, together with their constitution and clime, inclined them,—some angrily, and with extremity, others calmly, and with mediocrity," he feels it incumbent upon him to be still more explicit, and to say, "there is no church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customs, seem so consonant unto reason, and, as it were, framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief,—the *Church of England*, to whose faith I am a sworn subject; and, therefore, in a double obligation, subscribe unto her articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions. Whatso-

ever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humour and fashion of my devotion, neither believing this, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving that, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it. I condemn not all things in the council of *Trent*, nor approve all in the synod of *Dort*. In brief, where the scripture is silent, the church is my text; where that speaks, it is but my comment; where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my own reason."

How would the author of the Religio Medici have been delighted, could he have seen what the Bishop of St. David's has lately so decisively proved; namely, that the church of Britain was founded by St. Paul; that it was established anterior to the Church of Rome; that it was perfectly independent of any other church, as long as Christianity maintained its primitive simplicity, and that when, as late as the seventh century, error and innovation had sullied the purity of the Romish Church, the British was "a truly Protestant Church, protesting against

the corruptions of superstition, images and idolatry, and refusing all communion with the Church of Rome." The Bishop then proceeds to state seven epochs, reaching from the first to the seventh century, during which the Church of Britain existed independent of all other establishments. His enumeration is as follows:

Century 1. St. Paul's preaching of the Gospel in Britain.

Cent. 2. Lucius's public protection of Christianity.

Cent. 3. and 4. The Dioclesian persecution.

Cent. 4. The councils of Arles, Sardica, and Ariminium.

Cent. 5. The suppression of Pelagianism.

Cent. 6. The Synod of Llanddewi Brefi.

Cent. 7. The rejection of Popery by the British bishops.

"In these seven epochs," observes the Bishop of St. David's, "we have very ample and substantial evidence of Christianity, — a Christian Church in Britain founded by St. Paul, and subsisting for near six centuries before the arrival of Austin the monk, — and in that subsistence a proof of its entire independence on any foreign jurisdiction."

His Lordship's second publication on this subject closes with a postcript devoted to an elaborate discussion of the meaning of the phrase "The utmost bounds of the west," adopted by Clemens Romanus when speaking of the extent of St. Paul's journeys. It is with the highest satisfaction we add, that his Lordship appears to have demonstratively proved, that the above expression was, in the age of Clement, always understood as including not only Spain but Britain.*

Attached, however, as Sir Thomas Browne was, and justly so, to the Church of England, no man could be more free from bigotry, or more liberal in his sentiments with regard to the creed of others. He very rightly considered, that, however divided on minor points were the various denominations of Christians, and, in our present imperfect state, indeed, almost necessarily so, they were, as to the great outlines of our faith, nearly agreed; and that with

* "Second Letter from the Bishop of St. David's to the Clergy of his Diocese; on the Independency of the Antient British Church on any Foreign Jurisdiction: with a Postcript on the Testimony of Clemens Romanus."

respect to the great body of the Roman Catholics, their errors appear, in a great measure, to have arisen from the fear of believing too little. "We have therefore, says our author," in the spirit of genuine Christianity, "reformed from them, not against them; for there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith, and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them: — we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where, if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if their's profane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. — At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the

fruitless journies of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstance, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the *Ave Maria* bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own."

Having thus far expressed his *faith* on the topics of natural and revealed religion, our author now proceeds, in a strain of augmenting energy and eloquence, to make us acquainted with his opinions on the momentous subjects of *Death*, the *Resurrection*, and a day of *Retribution*: themes which, from their transcendently awful and mysterious nature, seem almost to mock the powers of uninspired man.

Yet the first of these, as being the inevitable destiny of man, must necessarily have agitated his bosom, and excited his enquiry, from the fall of Adam to the present hour; and it has, accordingly, more than any other subject, per-

haps, occupied the attention, either of Heathen or Christian philosophers, throughout every age and nation. To arm us against the fears of dissolution, indeed, volumes upon volumes have been written; but, if we except our hallowed Scriptures, I know not where, in a style so condensed and striking, or on a basis more truly Christian, we can find a better dissuasive, under a confessional form at least, against the inordinate love of life, and the apprehensions of death, than what the following passages afford us.

"I thank God," says our admirable moralist, "I have not those straight ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to doat on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, but I find not any thing therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian. And therefore I am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and, like the best of them, to die, that is to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit.

When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, Death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant; were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moment's breath from me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could ever die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often defy death; I honor any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it. — For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life, but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come. —

" Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be super-annuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the days of

Methuselah. But age doth not rectify but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and, like diseases, brings on incurable vices; for every day, as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sin, and the number of our days doth but make our sins innumerable. Certainly, there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of these eyes to behold felicity: the first day of our jubilee is death; we are happier with death than we should have been without it."

He takes care, however, while communicating his ideas on this subject, to correct the error of those among the ancients, who, in order to escape the miseries of life, extol the practice of suicide; "This," he justly observes, "is indeed not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and, herein, religion hath taught us a noble example. For all the valiant acts of *Curtius*, *Scevola*, or *Codrus*, do not parallel or match that one of *Job*; and, sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself,

like those in the way, or prologue to it." He then notices one of the circumstances of humanity, which, with those who are not reconciled to life on motives derived from religion, is often a cause of the highest dissatisfaction and complaint. "Men that look no further than their outsides," he remarks, "think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once."

It is impossible, indeed, to reconcile the evils of this life, moral or physical, with the mercy and justice of the Deity, but upon the basis of a resurrection and a day of retribution; doctrines on which, in fact, are founded the main pillars of revealed religion, and without which, as the great apostle of the Gentiles has asserted, we should be of all beings the most miserable.

Very forcibly, therefore, and very distinctly, has the author of "Religio Medici," expressed

himself on these momentous subjects, conscious that on a firm reliance on the truth of these essential articles of Christianity, can alone be built a morality acceptable to God.

"How shall the dead arise," he observes, "is no question of my faith; to believe only possibilities, is not faith, but mere philosophy; many things are true in divinity, which are neither inducible by reason nor confirmable by sense; and many things in philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus, it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons, to persuade a man to believe the conversion of the needle to the north; though this be possible and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe, that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite again; that our separated dust, after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of minerals, plants, animals, elements, shall, at the voice of God, return into their primitive shapes, and join again to make up their primary and predestinate forms. As at the creation, there was a separation of that confused mass into its species, so at the destruction thereof there

shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the creation of the world, all the distinct species that we behold, lay involved in one mass, till the fruitful voice of God separated this united multitude into its several species; so at the last day, when these corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wilderness of forms, and seem to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voice shall command them back into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single individuals. —

" This is the day, that must make good that great attribute of God, his justice; that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompensive justice in the next. This is that one day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it; wherein, as in the last scene, all the actors must enter, to complete and make up the catastrophe of this great piece. This is the day, whose memory hath only power to make us honest in the dark, and to be virtuous without a witness. That virtue is her own reward, is

but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodness. I have practised that honest artifice of *Seneca*, and in my retired and solitary imaginations, to detain me from the foulness of vice, have fancied to myself the presence of my dear and worthiest friends, before whom I should lose my head, rather than be vitious; yet herein I found that there was nought but moral honesty, and this was not to be virtuous for his sake who must reward us at the last. I have tried if I could reach that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of heaven or hell; and, indeed, I found, upon a natural inclination and inbred loyalty unto virtue, that I could serve her without a livery; yet, not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easy temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life, therefore, and spirit of all our actions is the Resurrection, and stable apprehension that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all religion is a fallacy, and atheists have been the only philosophers."

With these remarks on the *Resurrection* and

the *Day of Judgment*, passages strongly conceived, and vigorously expressed, I shall conclude my selection from Sir Thomas Browne's *Confession of Faith*, reserving what he has written with equal energy of thought and felicity of language, on the subject of *Charity*, and which forms the second part of his *Religio Medici*, to a subsequent number.

No. XV.

— Mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro : —
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.

MILTON.

I seem'd to wander in a spacious field ; —
The trumpet shakes the sky, all æther rings,
Attendant angels clap their starry wings.

COWPER.

IN the ninth number of these Essays, and in the letter which I have there inserted as written by Mr. Eastburn, my readers will, no doubt, recollect a slight notice of Mr. HILLHOUSE, as the author of a poem entitled "*The Judgment, a Vision*," to which was annexed, on my part, a promise of taking it into consideration in a subsequent portion of these volumes. It is with no small pleasure that I now enter upon the redemption of this pledge, fully satisfied,

that, in so doing, I shall gratify many beside myself.

The subject, indeed, seems naturally to introduce itself here, for we have just closed the preceding number by a very striking passage on the necessity of a Day of Retribution, both in a moral and religious point of view; and the poem I am about to expatiate upon, places the scene before us with a strength and distinctness of imagination, with a vividity and force of colouring, which cannot but excite emotions at once intensely interesting and awfully sublime.

A theme, however, more arduous, or, from preceding associations, more difficult to execute with propriety and effect, could scarcely have been chosen; for, as the author has observed in a short notice prefixed to his work, "beside its intrinsic difficulties the subject labours under a disadvantage too obvious to have escaped notice. It has so generally occupied the imaginations of believers in the Scriptures, that most have adopted respecting it their own notions: whoever selects it as a theme, therefore, exposes his work to criticism on account of its

94246

theology, as well as its poetry; and they who think the former objectionable, will not, easily, be pleased with the latter. The object, however, was not to declare opinions; but simply to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment."

Yet undeterred by the extreme hazard which must unavoidably attend the choice of a topic so hallowed and momentous in its nature, several of our own poets have ventured to essay their powers in describing the horrors and the mercies of the LAST DAY. Among these, *Young* and *Ogilvie* may be mentioned as taking the lead in the couplet metre, and *Glynn* and *Bruce*, in blank verse. Of the production of the first of these poets, Johnson has remarked, that while "many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception; but the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the LAST DAY makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror,

that oppresses distinction and disdains expression." *

Of the languor and extension here noticed, no reader of the "Last Day" of Young can be insensible; for it is, in fact, only in the third book of his poem that the subject properly commences; but I cannot yield assent to the opinion, that, however awful and sacred be the theme, it is on that account the more insusceptible of poetical imagery. The aversion of Dr. Johnson to scriptural and devotional poetry is well known, and the example of Milton is of itself sufficient to prove, that, let the subject be ever so exalted, it may, where grandeur of conception and simplicity in design are united, admit, if we exclude the too daring attempt at personifying the Deity, of additional interest when embodied in the colours of poetic inspiration.

A more condensed, and, therefore, a more vivid and energetic representation of the scene, has been given us by Ogilvie, and often in versification of great sweetness and brilliancy, but

* Lives of the most eminent English Poets. Sharpe's Edition, vol. vii. p. 112.

with less perhaps of simplicity and pathos than may be found in the more diffuse delineations of Young.

The short sketch by Glynn is struck off with spirit and vigour, and in some of its imagery approaches the true character of the lofty and sublime; while the Vision of Bruce, on the same subject, more copious and narrative in its detail, is, as might be expected from the youth and circumstances of the poet, inferior in classical strength of diction and splendor of effect.

Like the productions of Glynn and Bruce, the poem of Mr. *Hillhouse* is written in blank verse, and with a skill in its construction, which evidently proves him to have studied the best masters in this difficult style of versification with singular assiduity and success. In the grouping and management of his subject, however, he has a claim to originality, and has given to his poem a character, which, as distinguishing it from the works of his predecessors, may be termed the *picturesque*. So fully and so forcibly, indeed, has he brought forth his figures from the canvass, and frequently, with such grace and beauty of effect, as to impart an interest to

the subject which the general and overwhelming nature of its detail, as exhibited in the efforts of preceding writers, had altogether failed to produce.

The American bard opens his poem, by representing himself, while meditating, during the evening of Christmas-day, on the actions, the precepts, and promises of our Saviour, as seized with a trance-like sleep, under the influence of which, he conceives himself journeying at sunrise over a boundless plain, save that in its apparent centre there arose a verdant mount adorned with flowers of every varied hue and fragrance. Whilst light of heart, and full of joy, he travelled onward, his attention was arrested by an effulgence which surpassed the sun, by the murmur of many voices, and the rush of wings, and, gazing upward, he beheld amid the opening heavens a throne surrounded by myriads of immortal spirits, and heard the mingling tones of hymns, and harps, and hallelujahs sweet.

Sudden, a seraph that before them flew,
Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes,

Put to his mouth the likeness of a trump,
And toward the four winds four times fiercely
breathed.
— — — — — The mighty peal
To Heaven resounded, Hell returned a groan,
And shuddering Earth a moment reeled, confounded,
From her fixed pathway, as the staggering ship,
Stunn'd by some mountain billow, reels. The isles,
With heaving ocean rocked: the mountains shook
Their ancient coronets: the Avalanche
Thundered: silence succeeded through the nations.
Earth never listened to a sound like this.
It struck the general pulse of nature still,
And broke, for ever, the dull sleep of death.

The throne now descending, rests upon the summit of the mount, and is encircled by the heavenly host, amongst whom, pre-eminent in majesty and beauty, are seen the seven glorious spirits who for ever stand in the presence of the Almighty. Amidst these, says the poet,

I saw Emmanuel, seated on his throne;
His robe, methought, was whiter than the light;
Upon his breast the Heavenly Urim glowed
Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flashed,
No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze. —

Resplendent in his face the Godhead beamed,
Justice and mercy, majesty and grace,
Divinely mingling. Celestial glories played
Around with beamy lustre; from his eye
Dominion looked; upon his brow was stamped
Creative power.* Yet, over all, the touch
Of gracious pity dwelt, which erst, amidst
Dissolving nature's anguish, breathed a prayer
For guilty man. Redundant down his neck
His locks rolled graceful, as they waved, of old,
Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

The close of this passage, as included in the last six lines, is conceived and executed in a style which discloses the hand of a master. It is followed by a description of the throne of the filial deity, and by two highly-coloured pictures of archangelic majesty and wisdom. These last, as ably supported and finely contrasted, and as presenting very fair specimens of the author's talents in the delineation of superhuman power and intelligence, I conceive it but justice to transcribe. They will be found, like the portraits of a similar kind in Milton, to derive a large portion of their beauty and effect, not only from the exquisite propriety of the

imagery brought forward to their aid, but from the well-adapted structure and harmony of the versification, which, like tints in the hand of the painter, forms the medium of their development.

Upon the Lord's right hand
His station Michael held: the dreadful sword,
That from a starry baldric hung, proclaimed
The Hierarch. Terrible, on his brow
Blazed the archangel crown, and from his eye
Thick sparkles flashed. Like regal banners, waved
Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans,
Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun,
Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars,
Or some illumined city seen by night,
When her wide streets pour noon, and echoing thro'
Her thronging thousands mirth and music ring.

Opposed to him, I saw an angel stand
In sable vesture, with the books of Life.
Black was his mantle, and his changeful wings
Glossed like the raven's; thoughtful seemed his mien,
Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow
Had Meditation set her seal: his eyes
Looked things unearthly, thoughts unutterable,
Or uttered only with an angel's tongue.

Renowned was he among the seraphim
For knowledge elevate, and heavenly lore;
Skilled in the mysteries of the Eternal,
Profoundly skilled in those old records, where,
From everlasting ages, live God's deeds;
He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds,
That roll around us, into being sprang;
Their system, laws, connexion; all he knew
But the dread moment when they cease to be.
None judged like him the ways of God to man,
Or so had pondered; his excursive thoughts
Had visited the depths of Night and Chaos,
Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

The poet now brings before us the sumless myriads of human beings, who, like wave following wave, appear entering on the plain in endless succession; and it is here that he has shown a very uncommon degree of skill in selecting, contrasting, and grouping, for the purpose of placing them on his foreground, characters of all ages and nations. Preserving to them their historic costume and features, he has on this plan elicited a degree of dramatic interest which no other expedient perhaps could have produced, and he prefaces his portraits

with the following striking sketch of the masses from which his more individuallized pictures are hereafter to start. All, he observes, heard the warning blast, and however separated by the intervention of distant ages, here in one vast conflux met.

——————— Gray forms that lived
When Time himself was young, whose temples shook
The hoary honours of a thousand years,
Stood side by side with Roman consuls:—here,
'Mid prophets old, and Heaven-inspired bards,
Were Grecian heroes seen:—there, from a crowd
Of reverend Patriarchs, towered the nodding plumes,
Tiars, and helms, and sparkling diadems
Of Persia's, Egypt's, or Assyria's kings;
Clad as when forth the hundred gates of Thebes
On sounding cars her hundred princes rushed;
Or, when, at night, from off the terrace top
Of his aerial garden, touched to sooth
The troubled Monarch, came the solemn chime
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, adown
The Euphrates, floating in the moonlight wide
O'er sleeping Babylon. *For all appeared*
As in their days of earthly pride; the clank

Of steel announced the warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of Kings.

It must be evident that on the scheme developed at the close of this fine passage, a field of almost incalculable extent is opened for the introduction of bold and picturesque imagery, and our poet has availed himself of it in a manner which has given an air of originality to his work.

From the multiplicity of objects, however, which this system necessarily brought forward on the imagination of the poet, it became indispensable to make a very rigorous, and at the same time a very judicious selection, especially in a poem whose limits were not to extend beyond forty pages. He has therefore chosen a few very distinguished personages, and has thrown round them a high degree of prominency and relief. They are taken from widely different ages and classes of society; some from the primeval and patriarchal world, as *Adam*, *Abraham*, and *Joseph*; some from the list of heroes, as the *Founder of Babylon*, *Alexander the Great*, and the *Dictator Cæsar*. From

the benefactors of their species, the legislators and philosophers of mankind, he has drawn forth the ever memorable names of *Moses*, *Plato*, and *Socrates*; and from the Christian dispensation appear the hallowed forms of the *Mother* and the *Disciples* of our *Saviour*.

It will of course be expected that I should offer to my readers some specimens of the mode in which this very material part of the subject is treated, and I shall, therefore, give the first and the last of these portraits, not as the most elaborate of their number, but as presenting very adequate proofs of the talents of the writer for the task he has undertaken.

Nearest the mount of that mixed phalanx, first
Our general Parent stood: not as he looked
Wandering, at eve, amid the shady bowers
And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flow'ry banks of some soft rolling stream,
Pausing to list its lulling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless Eve, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to Paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden; his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to grey; with years and sorrows
bowed

He seemed; but through his ruined form still shone
The majesty of his Creator: round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

To this delineation, touched with a pencil at once graceful and tender, shall now be added a sketch of the Babylonian monarch; in its outline bold and free, and impressive; and in its accompaniments, approaching the character of the sublime. With the former, we are reminded of the dignity and pathos of Raphael; with the latter, of the strength and majesty of Michael Angelo.

Girt by a crowd of monarchs, of whose fame
Scarce a memorial lives, who fought and reigned
While the historic lamp shed glimmering light,
Above the rest, one regal port aspired,
Crowned like Assyria's princes; not a crest
O'ertopped him, save the giant seraphim.
His countenance, more piercing than the beam
Of the sun-gazing eagle, earthward bent
Its glance — tempered with awe.
His powerful arm founded old Babylon;
Whose bulwarks, like the eternal mountains, heaved

Their adamantine heads; whose brazen gates
Beleaguering nations foiled, and bolts of war,
Unshaken, answered as the pelting hail.
House of the kingdom! glorious Babylon!
Earth's marvel, and of unborn time the theme!
Say where thou stood'st:—Or, can the fisherman,
Plying his task on the Euphrates, now
A silent, silver, unpolluted tide,
Point to thy grave and answer? From a sash
O'er his broad shoulder hung the ponderous sword,
Fatal as sulphurous fires to Nineveh;
That levelled with her waves the walls of Tyrus,
Queen of the sea; to its foundations shook
Jerusalem, and reaped the fields of Egypt.

Striking and picturesque as this part of the work must be deemed, it is yet inferior, both in interest and pathos, to the concluding portions of the poem, in which the author appears to have put forth his full strength. He is here employed in delineating the result of the last dread tribunal, and the influence of conscience on the trembling myriads, as they touched the mysterious circle of the judgment seat; and beheld, as with the rapidity of lightning, their past existence rising before them, with all its deeds and dark

imaginings. Self acquitted or condemned, in short; and led by supernal power, they take their stations on the right or left.

On all the hurrying throng
The unerring pen stamped, as they passed, their fate.
Thus, in a day, amazing thought! were judged
The millions, since from the Almighty's hand,
Launched on her course, earth rolled rejoicing.
Whose
The doom to p nal fires, and whose to joy,
From man's presumption, mists and darkness veil.
So passed the day; divided stood the world,
An awful line of separation drawn,
And from his labours the Messiah ceased.

To these lines succeeds a passage of great beauty and effect; in its imagery, rich and splendid; and in its close highly pathetic.

By this, the sun his westering car drove low;
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold;
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,

Turrets and towers, whose fronts, embattled, gleamed
With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;
With deeper light the ruby blushed; and thick
Upon the seraph's wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung;
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits,
Cast off upon the dewy air huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The Heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

In the mean time, whilst men and angels, in solemn silence, and with intense expectation await the result, clouds gather round the throne and the summit of the mount, involving Shiloh and the seraphim in a pavilion of snowy whiteness; a phenomenon which occasions the poet to conceive, that the fate of mankind was now the object of consideration between those seven dread spirits and their Lord. "Was it grace and peace?" he asks, "or death?"

Was it of Man? — Did pity for the Lost
His gentle nature wring, who knew, who felt,

How frail is this poor tenement of clay? *
Arose there from the misty tabernacle
A cry like that upon Gethsemané? —
What passed in Jesus' bosom none may know,
But close the cloudy dome invested him;
And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed,
Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.

He then proceeds in the same tender and valedictory strain, which had led him to notice the last recession of the westering sun, to apostrophise the evening star, now about to set for ever. There is something peculiarly solemn and affecting in this address; it involves many circumstances of the most touching interest, and forms, altogether, a picture over which the mind hangs with fond attraction. Numerous as have been the addresses to this lovely planet, there is not one which can compete with this, if regard be had to the awful magnitude of the occasion; and few which, in point of execution, can be deemed more pensively sweet and impressive.

* For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Heb. iv. 15.

Mild, twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud,
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing, wistful, on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as oft
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Pass'd o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that displayest so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam!
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have chang'd,
Ages and empires roll'd, like smoke, away,
But thou, unaltered, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birth-night! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hail'd thy gem
With secret transport! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheer'd
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!
Pride of the west! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again:
Thou sett'st for ever, — lovely orb, farewell!

Meanwhile, from the host of angels surrounding the cloudy tabernacle of Shiloh and the

seraphim, burst forth hymns of gratitude and adoration; the effect of which is strongly painted to the heart through the medium of a simile, which does equal honour to the powers and the feelings of the poet.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps
Were heard among the angels, touch'd and tun'd
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft,
To cherub voices; louder, as they swell'd,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mix'd with clear silver sounds, till concord rose,
Full as the harmony of winds, to Heav'n;
Yet sweet as nature's spring-tide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glist'ning eyes,
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellow'd bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In ev'ry pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heav'nly symphonies stole faintly down.

The influence of this celestial minstrelsy on

the spirits of the good, is described to be such as to impart a rapturous foretaste of the bliss of heaven; but when the bard passes on to pourtray the effect of the scene on those who were consciously awaiting the punishment due to their transgressions, he has furnished us with a picture of nearly perfect beauty and originality. It is one which, whilst it impresses the mind with a deep sense of the misery of those who have mis-spent their period of probation, is yet tempered with so many strokes of tenderness and feeling, with so many exquisite touches of description, as to render it, although a very melancholy, yet, a very interesting and pathetic representation. After recording the joy of the blessed on this occasion, he exclaims:

How fared, alas!
That other band? Sweet to their troubl'd minds
The solemn scene; ah! doubly sweet the breeze
Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes
But newly op'd from that benumbing sleep,
Whose dark and drear abode no cheering dream,
No bright-hued vision ever enters; souls
For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim world
Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight gloom.

For, like the spirit's last seraphic smile,
The earth, anticipating now her tomb,
To rise, perhaps, as heav'n magnificent,
Appear'd Hesperian: gales of gentlest wing
Came fragrance-laden, and such odours shed
As Yemen never knew, nor those blest isles,
In Indian seas, where the voluptuous breeze
The peaceful native breathes, at eventide,
From nutmeg groves, and bow'rs of cinnamon.
How solemn, on their ears, the choral note
Swell'd of the angel hymn! so late escap'd
The cold embraces of the grave, whose damp
Silence no voice, or stringed instrument
Has ever broke! Yet with the murm'ring breeze
Full sadly chimed the music and the song,
For with them came the memory of joys
For ever past, the stinging thought of what
They once had been, and of their future lot.

It is shortly after these impressive lines, that the clouds are represented as breaking away from the summit of the mount, and the Son of God appears as rising to judgment. The opening of the passage, and the simile by which it is illustrated, justly challenge our admiration, and may be said to indicate, with a full assur-

ance, the hand of no inferior master. Nor, indeed, is the immediately following pronunciation of the final award, or the subsequent ascension of the throne of the Saviour, in any degree wanting either in majesty or sublimity.

As when from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples, capped
With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnished domes,
Gilded and glistening in the morning sun;
So from the hill the cloudy curtains rolled,
And in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the Saviour and his seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host
Mild turning with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaimed in accents,
Which on their ravished ears poured thrilling, like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afar in sweetest jubilee; then, swift
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them

Seemed like the crush of Heaven, pronounced the doom.
The sentence uttered, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow;
Each angel spread his wings; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument
Of heavenly minstrelsy unknown on earth,
And angel's voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransomed, like a thunder shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,
And faint hosannahs distant climes returned.

The vision proceeds, after describing the heavens as unfolding to receive their new inhabitants, with a picture of the misery of the condemned, as, looking upwards, they catch a glimpse of Paradise.

Where streaks of splendor, golden gleamings shone,
Like the deep glories of declining day,
When, washed by evening showers, the huge-orb'd sun
Breaks instantaneous o'er the illumined world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow turning to the light their snowy wings.

A deep-drawn agonizing groan escaped
The hapless outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold grey heaven,
As if to catch, alas! a hope not there.

Nature is then represented as giving notice through all her realms, of approaching dissolution; indications which are succeeded by others tenfold more appalling, as they are felt to be the precursors of the agents of everlasting punishment. With this passage, which I shall now transcribe, and which is wrought up with much energy and force, the subject and the poem conclude.

Round the abandoned of their God, says the bard,

Now shades began to gather, night approached,
Murky and low'ring: round with horror rolled
On one another their despairing eyes,
That glared with anguish: starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon lingered yet
A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there;
Red flashes, followed by low muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doomed to hurl

The fragments of the earth again to chaos.
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive
Their watery element. — O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds of horror, I awoke; and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming woe,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful: gladly I surveyed her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

I have now put my readers in possession of ample opportunities for judging of the merits of Mr. Hillhouse's work. My quotations from it, indeed, have been the more numerous under the supposition that probably not many copies have reached this country; but it must be also added, that the beauty of the passages which I have brought forward has had a more than common influence in rendering my citations thus frequent.

That "The judgment" of Mr. Hillhouse, is a poem, which, independent of the youth of

its author, or any other circumstances of an extrinsic nature, reflects honour on himself and on his country; will not, I think, from the specimens before us, be denied. It is, in fact, not only a production exhibiting considerable strength of imagination, but it is likewise elaborated, as to its execution, with singular taste and felicity. The versification, for instance, which in blank verse, if more than mediocrity be attained in its construction, is always a task of difficult achievement, appears formed, in the Vision of Mr. Hillhouse, with but few exceptions, on the most correct principles of harmony and rhythmical variety; the pauses being, in general, so placed, as both to satisfy the ear, and correspond with the tone of the subject.

In another very important point of view, does the poem of Mr. Hillhouse appear with decided advantage; for it possesses, from the plan which he has adopted, a command over the heart and feelings, which is not to be found in the attempts of those who have preceded him on the same subject. In short, such is the approach to excellence, both in the conception and execution of this little poem, that I confess myself

more than commonly gratified in the opportunity of doing what lies in my power towards making it further known on this side the Atlantic; especially, as the praise to which it is so justly entitled may, in all probability, lead its author to other and more extended efforts.

No. XVI.

Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE result had been, indeed, as Edward and Adeline conjectured; for though the night was fine and clear, and the moon was beginning to cast her soft illumination over the scene, yet, as the hour was much beyond that which had usually terminated the excursions of Edward, and as both Mr. Walsingham and Lluellyn had naturally concluded, that his return would be earlier on account of his young companion, they began to suffer uneasiness from the delay. Lluellyn, especially, manifested a more than common anxiety; and when Mr. Walsingham, in order to allay his apprehensions, proposed going forth to meet them; observing, at the

same time, that tempted probably by the beauty of the evening, they should find them returning from their meditated visit to Helmsley; he, forgetful of his infirmity, declared his intention of accompanying him. "If any misfortune should happen to my child, Mr. Walsingham," he exclaimed, "then, indeed, would the grey hairs of Lluellyn descend in sorrow to the grave."

It was, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction, that, after walking for about half an hour, Mr. Walsingham, having recognized, though at a considerable distance, the approach of the wanderers, announced the pleasing intelligence to his aged friend. He had himself, indeed, though confident in the care and protection, and integrity of Edward, felt a more than usual degree of anxiety; for he was acquainted with the disguise which the daughter of Lluellyn had assumed; a circumstance, which her father very prudently and delicately had made known to him, when, on the morning after their arrival, they had received an invitation to remain at the cottage of the Rye; and he was desirous, on

many accounts, that for some time at least, it might not be broken through.

No sooner, however, had he joined his young friends, than he suspected, from the air of embarrassment which hung about them, that the secret had by some means or other transpired; a suspicion which was almost confirmed into fact, when he learnt, that the cause of their delay had been occasioned by an accident, arising from the incautious curiosity of Hoel in exploring the ruin. No further enquiries, however, were made at the moment; and all seemed forgotten in the pleasure of having once again met. Yet Mr. Walsingham took an opportunity, whilst on their return to the cottage, of suggesting his suspicions to Llewellyn; and it was agreed between them, that, should they be found correct, propriety and decorum would demand that Adeline should, as soon as possible, resume the dress peculiar to her sex.

Edward and his fair friend, meanwhile, had, from the best and purest of motives, separately and secretly concluded, that the discovery was one which should not be confined to their own

breasts. As soon, therefore, as they had reached home, the former, retiring with Mr. Walsingham, very frankly told him what had occurred; whilst the latter, with tears in her eyes, and with the blush of modesty yet burning on her cheeks, very artlessly related to her father the misfortune which had, unconsciously on her part, betrayed her to Edward.

"My beloved Adeline," replied the good old man, "be not alarmed. Your concealment was, as you well know, in the long and hazardous journey I was about to undertake, and with the deprivation under which I labour, necessary to your personal security; and when Providence led me hither, and I had agreed to remain for a while beneath the hospitable roof of my kind countryman, I took care that he should not be the subject of any deception, however innocent or convenient. He was acquainted with, and approved of our plan; not only as it might conduce to your safety on the expedition we had meditated, but in relation also to your residence here; and though Edward, my love, I admit, has been hitherto deceived, yet the necessity which has led to the imposition with respect to

him, will never, I am persuaded, injure you for a moment in his eyes."

"But, my dear father," said Adeline, "it is impossible, after what has passed, that I can remain any longer in this attire. I can never, indeed, re-appear in the presence of Edward until I have made the necessary alteration in my dress." At this moment, and as Lluellyn was about to speak, a gentle tap at the door was heard; and in an instant after, the voice of Mr. Walsingham, requesting an interview with his friend in the study.

"Well, Lluellyn," he exclaimed, as the old man entered the room, conducted thither by the housekeeper, who had been sent forward by Mr. Walsingham for that purpose, "it is as I suspected, and we must now consult upon the mode best calculated for carrying the plan we had agreed upon into execution. Presuming, however, that you have nothing prepared for the change we meditate, I have asked Mrs. Sedley's advice upon the occasion; and she tells me, that in three days at farthest, provided the habiliments required be unadorned and of the simplest description, she shall, with the aid of

a short excursion to Helmsley, be fully prepared."

"My good and generous friend," answered the aged minstrel, his voice faultering with emotion, "how shall I thank you for this unexampled kindness; how apologize to you for the great and unexpected trouble I am thus giving?" Say, no more Lluellyn," cried Mr. Walsingham; "but rest assured, that all that I can do for yourself and for Adeline, who, by the bye," he added, with a smile, "has become a prodigious favourite of mine, shall be done."

It was then agreed that Adeline, who had sent a petition by her father to that purpose, and which had met with the decided approbation of Mr. Walsingham, should remain in her own room until Mrs. Sedley should have procured what was requisite for the intended change; and that, in the meantime, every further arrangement should take place in the family, which this resumption of the female character, and the necessary attendance of the daughter on her blind and aged father, might demand.

The re-appearance of Adeline was, as might be expected, very impatiently waited for by

Edward, on whose heart and imagination every thing which had lately taken place had been such, in fact, as to produce an impression as durable as it was romantic and exciting.

It was on the morning of the fourth day from the occurrence of the accident at Helmsley castle, that, as he and his guardian were just sate down to an early breakfast, and were momentarily expecting the arrival of Llucllyn under the escort of Mrs. Sedley, the door suddenly opening, presented to their view the blind and grey-haired bard leaning on the arm of his daughter. Though dressed as plain as possible, having nothing on more ornamental than a white robe, edged with black, and a white rib-band in her hair, there never was, perhaps, a more lovely and interesting figure than that which Adeline now exhibited to their delighted senses. A blush just kindling on her cheek, had given added lustre and animation to her dark blue eyes, in which there seemed to dwell an expression of mingled archness, simplicity, and tenderness, while on her lips, a smile but half-repressed, and struggling to break forth, still further lighted up a countenance where

beauty, blending with every varied trait of sensibility and pure affection, breathed, as it were, a spell, against the fascination of which, not even the age and experience of Mr. Walsingham were proof.

The gentlemen, indeed, rose to receive her, not only with admiration, but astonishment in their looks; for the stripling Hoel, who had, apparently, seen not more than fourteen or fifteen years, seemed suddenly expanded before their eyes into the elegant and matured figure of one of the most lovely young women they had ever beheld, and who appeared to be about the age of eighteen! Such, in truth, had been the magic effect of this change of dress, that the stature which had looked in male attire as but accordant with the character of a boy, was now found, in size and symmetry, to be that which an artist would have chosen as the full and perfect model of the female form.

So great, in fact, was the surprise both of Mr. Walsingham and his pupil on this occasion, that before they recollected themselves sufficiently to speak, Adeline had, with a smile of

the most bewitching sweetness, and with the tear of gratitude yet trembling in her eyes, offered her hand to the former of these gentlemen. "My dear Adeline," he exclaimed, taking it with the utmost courtesy and kindness, "though in some degree prepared for the result which a return to female attire must necessarily produce in your appearance, I had, I confess, no conception of the vast alteration which seems to have been effected by it. In truth, had you not stood before us accompanied by your father, well as I believed myself to be acquainted with the features of that arch little fellow Hoel, I should have doubted of your identity. But I see the astonishment which you have excited," he continued, smiling, "is by no means confined to my own breast; for, if I am not much mistaken, Edward finds an equal difficulty in recognizing the companion of his late excursion to Helmsley."

A multitude of conflicting sensations were then, indeed, passing through the bosom of Edward, and as the eyes of the party were turned upon him in consequence of this appeal, his cheek became flushed, and his manner some-

what hurried and confused. The effect, however, was but transient, and he soon recovered himself sufficiently to express in very eloquent terms his feelings of wonder and delight.

These were emotions, in short, which very rapidly spread from the roof of Mr. Walsingham to every part of the immediate neighbourhood; and before the sun had gone down, there was not a cottage in the village of Rivaulx in which the unexpected disclosure had not been the theme of discussion and praise. Much, in fact, as Hoel had won upon the hearts of the villagers by the interest attending on his first appearance among them, and by his subsequent kindness and affability, the change now effected was one which roused their sympathy and admiration in a still higher degree, and rendered Adeline, in reward of her filial piety and affection, an object of universal love and esteem.

It may readily be conjectured, therefore, that under the circumstances which we have now recorded, and with the temperament and disposition which we have ascribed to Edward, an attachment for Adeline, as ardent as it should be indissoluble, would be on the part of this young

man, an almost necessary consequence. No one, indeed, however cold and selfish, could have witnessed the virtues and misfortunes, the artlessness and unassuming gentleness of manners, which so remarkably characterized this amiable girl, without giving them, in some degree, the homage of his purest thoughts. What, then, must not Edward have felt, whose sympathies had been cherished by every motive which precept and example could afford, and whose heart, from the very complection of his own unhappy fate, was peculiarly alive to every impulse of piety, and every throb of tenderness? Is it requisite to add, that his affection, though intense, and coloured by those tintings which a youthful fancy loves to spread, and which in fact, the incidents attending the introduction of Adeline might naturally have occasioned, was mingled with every hallowed feeling which the innocence and confiding simplicity of her character could inspire.

He never, indeed, directly pleaded his passion, for he knew not how far he should be able to redeem his pledge; but there needed not the medium of language to make known emotions

which absorbed almost every faculty of his being; they were more eloquently and effectively told by those nameless tendernesses and attentions which sprung from every glance of his eye, from every tone of his voice, from every word, and look, and deed. Their influence was such as could not be eluded; and their result, precisely what might be expected to take place in a heart so kind, so guileless, and so pure, as was that which beat within the bosom of Adeline. She loved him, in fact, almost unconsciously; and, without pausing to analyse her sensations, or estimate their probable consequences, she only felt, and that without any admixture of suspicion or alarm, that happiness dwelt in his society; and that, when he was absent, listlessness and abstraction were but too often the companions of her solitude.

They were, however, not often liable to separation; for Mr. Walsingham, who had perceived and watched the growth of their attachment, was not solicitous to throw many obstacles in its way. He admired the characters, both of Llewellyn and his daughter; and he was anxious, on many accounts, that Edward should be

settled, not only early in life, but that his happiness should be almost exclusively built on the gratification flowing from retired and domestic occupation. It is true, that the parties with whom it was probable he might be connected, were in reduced circumstances; but then, it was known to him, that property on the part of Edward, sufficient for all the purposes of the way of life in which he hoped to see him placed, would not be wanting; and he was well persuaded, that neither the education, nor the habits, nor the modes of thinking, either of his pupil or of Adeline, were in the least degree calculated for protection against the selfishness and duplicity of the world. The former had been for some time past the prey of disappointment and sorrow; and was moreover, notwithstanding all the efforts of his guardian to counteract such a tendency, in a very great measure the child of an illusive, though splendid imagination; whilst the latter, though possessing a large portion of good sense, and a heart pure and unsullied as the breath of heaven, had been brought up as the favourite of one, who, even in the routine employment of the farmer, had not forgotten a particle of the an-

cestral independency, natural fervor, and poetic spirit of the Cambrian bard.

Three beings more apart from those which usually constitute the mass of society, could not easily be found; they were such, however, as highly interested the feelings of Mr. Walsingham. One, indeed, he loved as if he were his own child; another had been his first, and was now his oldest friend, an object alike of compassion and veneration; and the third exhibited the very model of all that was lovely, and gentle, and romantic, in the character of woman. Convinced, that if ever happiness should be the lot of Edward, if ever he could forget the destination from which he had suffered so severely, it would be with a partner thus assimilated to his wants and wishes, and in a situation far from a prying and censorious world; he left them in a great measure, free and unshackled in their opportunities of intercourse; relying firmly and entirely on the principles of virtue which he knew had been instilled into the minds of both.

If ever on this earth, constituted as it now is, there can exist a state which may merit the designation of paradisaical, it is when love first

springing in a youthful and guileless heart, meets in the object of its attachment a reciprocity in taste, in feeling, and in purity of intention. And such was the happy lot of Edward and of Adeline. They wandered together through the green lanes and quiet woods of Rivaulx, or were seen at eve amid the ruins of its venerable abbey, or tracing, with unwearied steps, the windings of its mountain stream. In nature, and in nature's God, and in the breathings of their own desires and wishes, holy and innocent as the scenes which smiled around them, they found an inexhaustible source of delight; and when the approach of winter deprived them in a great measure of these out-door pleasures, the witcheries of music and of poetry were called in as their best and noblest substitute.

It was then that Adeline, who played skilfully on the harp, and who had been early taught to accompany it with the music of her voice, interested them by the simplicity and pathetic sweetness of her Welsh ditties, the favourites of her father, and of which she had a large and varied store. Nor was it seldom, that Llwellyn himself, his breast still glowing

with the enthusiasm of his better days, chaunted to the deeper intonation of its chords the animating strains of Taliessin or Aneurin.

Thus passed the autumn and the winter in the valley of the Rye, and when the return of spring again called forth the smiles of nature, again were Edward and his fair companion alert and eager to enjoy the awakening beauties of the season. But happiness, such as we have lately been describing, is seldom, if ever, in this world at least, without its mixture of alloy; painful and afflictive, it is true, but necessary, to perfection in that ulterior state of being, to which existence here forms but a precursory scene of trial.

Happy, then, as, in many respects, was now the little group assembled beneath the roof of Mr. Walsingham, inquietude and anxiety had yet contrived to creep in and mingle with its fairest prospects. Rumour had been long busy, not only in circulating with added circumstances of wonder, the extraordinary change of sex which had occurred at the cottage of the Rye, but it had lavished with unwearied assiduity, every epithet of praise on the beauty and ac-

complishments of Adeline. What had at first but travelled through the mouths of the neighbouring peasantry, soon reached a wider field of dissemination, and became the subject of conversation at Helmsley castle. The accident which had happened among the ruins occurred to the recollection of Sir Ralph Blenford, and he mentioned the circumstance to his Grace of Buckingham; observing, at the same time, that the extreme beauty and feminine appearance of the young sufferer had struck him with surprise, and even with some degree of suspicion.

To have learnt that a very beautiful young woman, and who had been for some time concealed under the habiliments of the other sex, was resident within so short a distance of Helmsley, was sufficient to excite the inordinate passions and eager enquiries of this unprincipled nobleman, whose love of gallantry, and spirit of pursuit, neither age nor adversity had hitherto checked. He was, however, on no terms of intimacy with Mr. Walsingham, of whom, indeed, he had never heard, until some time after his first arrival at Helmsley Castle in the summer of 1685, and who had, in fact, studiously avoided

all intercourse with him. Yet determined to satisfy his curiosity, and, should he deem it worth his while, to gratify his inclinations, whatever might be the wretchedness, which in so doing he inflicted on others, he sought every opportunity of courting the acquaintance of Mr. Walsingham. Repeatedly, but fruitlessly, had this gentleman been invited to the castle, and several times had the Duke himself called, with a few of his followers, as if by accident, at the cottage of the Rye, and in the hopes of procuring a glimpse of this rural, but secreted beauty.

These attempts, which had been made during the winter, and very early in the spring of 1688, had excited so much apprehension in the minds of Mr. Walsingham and Llwellyn, that the former had thought it necessary to limit, and even to direct the walks of Adeline and Edward, a precaution which baffled for a considerable period the sensual curiosity of the Duke, but proved at the same time unpleasantly restrictive on the freedom and pleasures of the young friends. It had also the effect of exciting in the bosom of his Grace a high degree of resent-

ment towards Mr. Walsingham, and stimulated him to make every possible enquiry into his character, and into the circumstances which had occasioned his settlement at Rivaulx. The result was, not only a reluctant and involuntary admiration of the man, but unfortunately an augmented inclination towards the accomplishment of his original pursuit, to which was now added, a restless desire of penetrating into what seemed only the more mysterious, the more he endeavoured to develope it.

An opportunity for gratifying one of these objects unhappily occurred but too soon. It was on a fine morning, towards the beginning of March, when Edward and Adeline, tempted by the beauty and clearness of the atmosphere, and the unusual warmth of the sun for the season of the year, had almost unconsciously wandered up the banks of the Rye to a distance greatly beyond that to which they had lately been accustomed. Absorbed in conversation, or loitering in admiration of the earliest indications of approaching spring, or listening with delighted ear to the sweet and varied notes of the throstle and the lark, time had flown by unheeded,

when they were suddenly aroused from their reverie, by the far-off music of the hounds. They started, astonished to perceive to what a protracted walk the allurement of the morning had decoyed them, and they instantly began to retrace their steps, trusting to reach their cottage, assisted by the covert of the woods, without note or discovery. But in this expectation they were disappointed; for the deep and mellow crying of the hounds soon strengthened on their ears, and, before they had accomplished one half of their return, the whole train of the hunters had come in view, and Edward, perceiving that they must necessarily be overtaken, relinquished every idea of concealment, and resumed his walk on the banks of the stream, with as much unconcern and apparent composure, as the fears of Adeline, and the excitement of his own feelings would allow him to exhibit.

The Duke, who was returning from a long chace, and which had led him through the valley of Bilsdale to the foot of the hills of Cleveland*, no sooner caught a view of Edward and

* "At the upper end of Bilsdale, which stretches out in length to the hills of Cleveland, is the source of the river Rye,

his trembling associate, than separating himself from the group of hunters, and attended only by Sir Ralph Blenford and one servant, he rode forward, anxious to ascertain if the fair incognita whom he had long wished to encounter, were not now, by an unexpected stroke of good fortune, placed within his reach. It was, therefore, with no small inward exultation, that, on approaching these young people, he received a whispered intimation from Sir Ralph that he was at length about to be gratified with a sight at least of the object of his search; for that gentleman had immediately on the first view of Edward's features, recollected him as one of the two youths whom he had seen immediately after the accident at the castle, and he had, therefore, no doubt that the lady who now accompanied him would prove to be the one who was then his companion in disguise.

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which passes by the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, winds through the beautiful grounds of Duncombe Park, skirts the town of Helmsley, and from thence pursues its meandering course about sixteen miles through a rich and fertile vale, till it falls into the Derwent, a little above Malton."

Bigland's Yorkshire, p. 271.

His Grace of Buckingham, though now in his sixtieth year, was still justly accounted one of the handsomest men in England, and had indeed, in allusion to his person and talents, been often denominated the British Alcibiades. Few could compete with him either in elegance of figure or winning grace of manners, and though Edward and Adeline were prepared to behold him with the highest degree of aversion and disgust, and the latter with a kind of involuntary horror, yet such was, on his overtaking them, the insinuating style of his address, and such the mild and pleasing expression of his features, that they insensibly forgot a part of their prepossessions. He apologized in the most courteous terms for the alarm which he perceived he had been so unfortunate as to occasion, mentioned that his expectations of meeting with Mr. Walsingham as one of the party had induced him to intrude, enquired after the health of that gentleman, commented on the beauty of the season, and related, with great spirit and vivacity, the incidents and event of the morning's chace. There was, in short, in all he said, in his every action and gesture, along with the

customary polish of high rank, so much apparent artlessness of expression, and freedom from design, that Adeline looked at him with amazement, as if enquiring whether this could be the profligate and abandoned Villiers of whom she had recently heard so many shocking anecdotes.

It was in this manner, conversing with the most perfect ease and good humour, and without any thing which could give the slightest offence to the most sensitive female delicacy, that the Duke, pacing slowly on his steed by the side of his new companions, approached the cottage of the Rye. He had previously requested Sir Ralph to take the hunt in a different direction, and he now professed his intention of calling upon Mr. Walsingham, remarking at the same time, that he should be most happy in seizing any opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance.

The surprise and astonishment of this gentleman, when he beheld Edward and Adeline returning accompanied by the Duke, may be readily imagined. He answered the salutation of his Grace in as cold and repulsive a style a

it was possible for him to assume, whilst the latter, regardless either of this, or the want of an invitation, sprung from his horse, and giving it to his groom, said, that he wished to speak to him for a few minutes.

Most reluctantly, and with a heavy sigh, did Mr. Walsingham conduct the Duke into his study, while Lluellyn, his daughter, and Edward, somewhat impatiently awaited in the adjacent room the result of an interview as unexpected as they knew it to be unpleasant on the part of their friend. It was not, indeed, many minutes before they heard their voices elevated to a pitch much beyond the tones of courtesy and good humour, and presently they saw the Duke quitting the house in haste, and with evident marks of anger and disappointment in his countenance.

"I do believe," said Mr. Walsingham, as he rejoined the anxious group, "that nothing but death will extinguish the follies and vices of this profligate nobleman. I need scarcely add," he continued, "that to you, my dear Adeline, I am to attribute the honour of this call; his enquiries, however indirect and masqued by art,

all ultimately tending to ascertain who and what you were; yet his praises of your person were more disgusting than the impertinence of his curiosity, and I could not avoid somewhat severely, though perhaps indiscreetly, commenting on the apparent purport of his visit. But when, forgetful of my character and profession, and in resentment probably of my refusal to satisfy his enquiries, he had the audacity to hint, that the disguise under which you had appeared, sufficiently authorised the liberty he was now taking, I no longer hesitated to express my full sense of his conduct, and he fled from the sternness of my rebuke."

The grief and terror of Adeline, and the indignation of her father and Edward at this recital, which was given with all that warmth of feeling which the occasion so naturally inspired, were such as to induce Mr. Walsingham immediately to add something in mitigation of their distress. He therefore reminded them, that should his Grace persist in his designs, which was not, he confessed, at all improbable from the known profligacy of his habits, they might at any time elude his persecution by removing to

a distant quarter, and in the interim he trusted that, from what had just happened, no similar opportunity for his intrusion would be allowed to occur.

Meantime the Duke, boiling with resentment and offended pride, and proportionally eager to carry into execution what would at the same time gratify his sensuality and satiate his revenge, had no sooner reached Helmsley castle, than he entered into consultation with his agents, of which he had always a number in his pay, on the best mode of effecting his purpose. The beauty and attractions of Adeline, much as they had been celebrated by the gossip Fame, had far exceeded his expectations, and he had determined from the moment he saw her, that they should administer to his lawless pleasures, a resolution which was only quickened and invigorated by what had subsequently occurred at the cottage.

It was at first agreed, that before recourse was had to more direct and powerful means, they should endeavour to corrupt the fidelity of Mr. Walsingham's servants, and especially of Mrs. Sedley, in order that the Duke might, if

possible, obtain that by seduction which he was, otherwise, determined to acquire by force. Every effort of this kind, however, though conducted with infinite art and subtlety, having proved altogether abortive, they prepared for ulterior measures.

Ill as Mr. Walsingham had conceived of the heart of this unprincipled nobleman, he had never entertained the idea of his presuming to attempt the gratification of his wishes by open and by violent means. When, therefore, after appealing to the known integrity of his servants, he had taken every other precaution which prudence could suggest to prevent all further intercourse with him, he had deemed himself in a great measure secure; forgetful, perhaps, that the man who, in a fit of resentment, had not hesitated to seize the Duke of Ormond in the heart of the metropolis, with the view of hurrying him to Tyburn for execution, was not likely, under the double stimulus of lust and anger, to pause at the commission of any crime, however daring and flagitious.

It was about three weeks after this unfortunate interview at the cottage, that, as its inmates

were as usual sitting after dinner engaged in conversation, a man who had the appearance of a daily labourer, arrived with a message from one Robert Mortlake, of Helmsley, hoping that Mr. Walsingham would be so kind as to come and pray with him, as he was thought to be dying. Now it happened that Mr. Walsingham had been for some time past much interested about this poor man, who had a large family of young children, and who had long been confined to his bed by a rheumatic fever. He had formerly lived at Rivaulx, and having often worked for Mr. Walsingham, and bearing at the same time an excellent character among his neighbours for industry and sobriety, that gentleman had often visited him during his illness, for the purpose not only of relieving his temporal wants, but of administering the consolations of Christianity. He had, therefore, no hesitation in now obeying the summons, and sent word that he would be with him in the course of a very short time.

He had been gone not more than half an hour, when, on the door being opened in consequence of a loud knocking, three men rushed

into the cottage. Their faces were covered with crape, and without vouchsafing to utter a word, two of them immediately seized upon Adeline, and were endeavouring, in spite of her shrieks and cries, to bear her off, when Edward, who had been momentarily paralysed by the suddenness of the attack, struck one of the villains thus engaged so well directed a blow on the head, that he instantly measured his length on the ground; an advantage which he was about to follow up, when the one who had stood aloof, and who had evidently directed by signs the proceedings of the other two, rushed forward, and unsheathing his sword, declared, in a tone of voice which, however disguised, Edward instantly recognised as that of the duke, that if he did not immediately desist, he would run him through the body. The menace and the discovery, however, served but to give added vigour to the arm of Edward, who, unobserved by his Grace, had in the scuffle seized the weapon of the prostrate ruffian, and now turned with inflamed fury on his adversary.

The contest, however, was but short, for the Duke, who was esteemed one of the best swords-

men in Europe, soon desperately wounded his opponent, and left him weltering in his blood. Meantime Adeline had been borne off, whilst Edward, in a state approaching to insensibility, lay at the threshold of the cottage; the blind Llewellyn kneeling by the body, tearing his white hair, and lamenting in unavailing agony the bereavement of his daughter, and the apprehended dissolution of his young friend; whose death, indeed, would, from mere exhaustion, have soon followed the infliction of the wound, had not Mrs. Sedley, with the assistance of the two female servants, succeeded in partially staunching the flow of blood. They then, as soon as possible, sent one of the nearest villagers to Helmsley for surgical aid; desiring him, as soon as he had executed his commission, to find out Mr. Walsingham, and inform him of what had happened.

That gentleman was, in fact, returning with all the expedition in his power; for he had, of course, immediately on his reaching Helmsley, discovered the fraud which had been practised on him; and the fears and apprehensions with which it had filled his mind, had been so vivid,

that no sooner did he perceive the messenger, a man whom they had been accustomed to employ, approaching, than he instantly anticipated some shocking event. The truth, however, had exceeded all his forebodings, and he hurried forward in a state little short of distraction.

He found Edward alive and sensible of his situation; and though so languid as to be scarcely able to speak, yet labouring under great agitation both of mind and body. Nor was Llwellyn, mentally, at least, less a sufferer. The poor old man, heart-broken, and exhausted by the violence of his own emotions, presented a spectacle of extreme commiseration. They were both, as might be supposed, urgent with Mr. Walsingham to fly immediately to the rescue of Adeline, conceiving that she had been carried to Helmsley castle; a measure which they declared could, under their present circumstances, alone afford them a moment's consolation.

To this Mr. Walsingham replied, that as soon as the surgeon, who was every instant expected, should arrive, and he had learnt his opinion with regard to Edward, he would, with-

out further delay, seek an interview with the wretch who had thus, for the gratification of his base passions, overwhelmed them in unutterable misery. That he should be successful, however, in his efforts to reach him, he could not promise; but no exertions should be wanting on his part; and, provided he could obtain his ear, he might venture to say, he had that to communicate which, if he had a particle of feeling or compunction left, would pierce him to the very soul.

"But my daughter, Mr. Walsingham, my dear, my only child!" exclaimed the miserable Lluellyn? "am I never to be blessed with the sight of her again? Oh, what must she not be now suffering?" Here a deep groan from Edward, who, from fear that removal might renew the bleeding, had been laid on a pallet on the floor of the room immediately adjacent to the spot where he had fallen, smote on the heart of the poor old man. "Alas! alas!" he added, in a tone of increasing despair, "that groan still further unmans me. Oh! Mr. Walsingham, what wretchedness have I not entailed on you and yours!"

"My dear, my good Lluellyn," returned Mr. Walsingham, cordially pressing the hand of the aged sufferer, as he lay near the pallet of Edward, from whom he was unwilling to be separated, "you are not, you cannot be in the slightest degree, the cause of what has happened; it is to the bad, the uncontrolled passions of that titled monster, passions which have wrought the misery of hundreds beside ourselves, that we are to attribute our present sorrows. But be comforted, my friend: Providence will not desert us; our gallant Edward here will yet, I trust, recover; and be assured, that no hold nor corner shall remain unsearched, until I find our injured Adeline."

A smile lightened on the features of both Edward and Lluellyn, as this assurance passed the lips of Mr. Walsingham, and they were about to thank him for the hope it held out, when the arrival of the surgeon was announced. By his assistance Edward was safely conveyed to his chamber; and after examining the wound, and performing what professional duties were required, he informed Mr. Walsingham, who was anxiously waiting below for his report, that

though there was certainly considerable danger in consequence of the weapon having penetrated the cavity of the chest, yet, as no large vessel had been wounded, he entertained some hopes, if inflammation and its consequences could be kept under, that he might ultimately do well.

Having communicated this opinion to Llewellyn, who, completely exhausted by the preceding events, had been conducted to his own room, in hopes that tired nature might at length find relief in slumber, he instantly ordered his horse, determined, if possible, to confront and put to shame, the violent and licentious Buckingham, before he again sought refreshment from sleep.

On his arrival at Helmsley, it was nearly dark, and wrapping himself up so as to avoid as much as possible all recognition, he hastened to the Ducal mansion, and enquiring for Sir Ralph Blenford, was shewn into that gentleman's apartments. To the demand, however, of being instantly conducted to his Grace, Sir Ralph demurred, requiring in the first place his name, for he had not discovered the features of Mr.

Walsingham, and the business which had brought him thither. "Give him, Sir," said Mr. Walsingham, "this sealed note: I await his answer."

There was something so awfully stern and impressive in the manner and voice of the supposed stranger, that Sir Ralph hesitated not to obey the injunction. He had been called, indeed, from the table of the Duke, who, surrounded by several of his dissolute companions of the chase, was endeavouring to drown in noisy mirth, the recollection of what had occurred but a few hours before, and had just lifted a golden-chased goblet of wine to his head, as Sir Ralph returning presented him with the note, observing, as he resumed his seat, that the person who had brought it, seemed, both in his language and behaviour, much beyond the ordinary class of men.

Scarcely had he uttered the remark, when the Duke, who had glanced his eye over the paper, became ghastly pale; then suddenly starting from his chair, and exclaiming, "Good God! to what am I destined!" he hurried out of the room with every expression of wildness

and despair in his countenance. Staggering into the saloon with the paper still grasped convulsively within his fingers, he furiously rang the bell, and in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, ordered the stranger to be instantly admitted to him.

Then reverting to the scroll which still trembled in his hand, and from which, with a kind of fascination, he could not withdraw his eyes, he read its brief contents repeatedly and aloud, and as if almost doubting of their existence; they were as follows — "I ask immediate admittance; you have slain your son.

"WALSINGHAM."

It was while thus employed, with a mind absorbed by the import of this dreadful note, that the door of the saloon opening, presented the writer of it to his view. The Duke started; "Tell me, Mr. Walsingham," he cried, in accents tremulous with apprehension, and pointing to the note, "can this be true?"

"The youth, my Lord Duke, whom you have wounded, and who now lies in imminent danger of death, is your son by the Countess of

Shrewsbury."* "Then he is not yet dead! Thank God, I am not yet the murderer of my own offspring!" "He had not, it is true," replied Mr. Walsingham, "breathed his last when I left him, but I understand from his medical attendant, that there is every thing to apprehend." "But how came he hither?" cried the Duke, "by what strange fatality has he been placed here, thus concealed, yet within the influence of his wretched father? Often have I implored his mother that I might see him during his infancy, but in vain! I knew not indeed, that he even still existed, and behold the issue! O why, why was he thus hidden from my knowledge?"

"My Lord, my Lord," exclaimed Mr. Walsingham, "the answer to this latter question should cover you with shame and confusion.

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* That the Duke had a son, as the result of his amour with this lady, we are told by Andrew Marvell in one of his letters. As the fate of this young man, whom Marvell inaccurately styles Earl of Coventry, is uncertain, though he is supposed to have died young, I have considered the anecdote as sufficient ground for the introduction of such a character into my narrative. It may be necessary to add, that the Duke had no heirs by his Duchess.

The unhappy woman whom you seduced, and who has been long repentant of the heinous crime she had committed, was well convinced, that while you continued the career of vice which had plunged her into such enormous guilt, which had rendered her at once both a murderer and an adultress,—nay, my Lord, do not start, — the most dreadful event which could happen to her child would be the knowledge of his father!"

"I feel, Mr. Walsingham, I too severely feel," replied the Duke, almost suffocated by the poignancy of his anguish, "that she was right. But why, let me again ask, why came he hither?"

"That he was placed where your unhallowed passions, my Lord, have unhappily led to his detection, was in the first instance owing to the belief, that, as you had never resided on these estates, your visits here would, if ever made, be but occasional and brief; and to a confidence, that the seclusion and solitude of Rivaulx were at the same time such as, however near to Helmsley, might yet, under these circumstances, bid defiance to curiosity or premature discovery;

and in the second, to an anxious wish on the part of his mother, that if ever the principles and conduct of her seducer should become otherwise than what they had been, he might be found on the property of his father, and within reach of that patronage and support, which would then, she trusted, be judiciously and cautiously extended towards him.

"But I am forgetting in these explanations, my Lord Duke, the principal object of my mission, the immediate restoration of the young woman whom, for the worst of purposes, and at the expense of the blood of your son, you have forcibly torn from the arms of her aged father, an old man, blind and worn down with years and misfortunes, and whom this event is about to plunge into the grave."

"And whence came this young woman, Mr. Walsingham?" exclaimed his Grace, "and for what purpose was her sex at first concealed? You will allow that suspicion might rest on such a circumstance."

"To detail her history, my Lord, would, at the present moment, occupy more time than I have to spare. I can only assure you, that the

breath of heaven is not more pure than the virtue and innocence of Adeline Lluellyn. I will further add, that she is justly and sincerely beloved by the unfortunate youth who now lies stretched upon a bed of suffering; and that when you, my Lord, passed your sword through the body of your son, you inflicted not a pang so great, as that which you have occasioned him by the seizure and detention of Adeline. I trust, my Lord, that to the catalogue of enormous sins which press heavy on your soul, you have not added that of offering violence to this helpless young woman, whom I again, in the name of her injured father, and your perl dying son, instantly demand at your hand.

"Spare me, spare me, Mr. Walsing replied the Duke, in extreme agitation, further lacerate a heart overwhelmed by sciousness of its own guilt. I have, how thank God! not added to its load by the cri of which you suspect me. *Indeed I have not* seen Adeline since I left *your cottage; she was* conveyed by my direction to *Gilling Castle, and* I will now, with the view of making what atone-

ment lies in my power, give your an order for her immediate restitution."

As he said this, he rang for a servant, and hastily writing a line, and affixing his seal, "Take this, Mr. Walsingham," he added, "the liberation of Adeline will instantly follow its delivery; a confidential servant of mine shall attend you; but, ere you go, may I ask you, if an interview with my son, however humiliating to myself, could in your opinion, afford him the slightest consolation?"

"My Lord," answered Mr. Walsingham, in manner the most striking and emphatic, "I convinced, that in his present situation it be death! He has hitherto happily norant of his parents. Secrecy in any nication with his mother is still essential peace and tranquillity, and how far, con- as she is, an interview with her would, ould he recover, be conducive to *his* peace, I know not. But of this I am certain, that after what has passed, and acquainted as he is with your public character, the recognition of his father would, at any time, overwhelm him with shame and despair!"

"God forgive me!" exclaimed the Duke, striking his forehead with convulsive violence, "I am, indeed, visited for my iniquity!" and he rushed in agony from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XVII.

The Poet of the Western Isles
When blind, and old!

BUCKE.

THAT the evidence for the authenticity of the Poems of OSSIAN has been, for the last sixteen years, much upon the increase, will be denied by no one who has read the Report of the Highland Society on these poems, and the Dissertations on their authenticity by Sir John Sinclair and Dr. Graham, published in the years 1805, 1806, and 1807; and who has since attentively watched their influence over the public mind. *

* The account which Sir John Sinclair has given of the Manuscript of Ossian, formerly belonging to Mr. Farquharson, of the Scotch College at Douay, is with me, and, I think, must be with every unprejudiced person, decisive proof of the authenticity of these long-questioned poems. See his Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, from page 11. to p. 58.

It is owing to this augmenting reliance on the data adduced in support of the antiquity of the works of Ossian, coupled with the strong proofs which have been brought forward, of the uninterrupted preservation of the Celtic poetry, by oral tradition, that the attention of many has been lately more than ever turned towards the resemblances, literary and personal, which exist between the Celtic and the Grecian Homer. The subject is both curious and interesting; but it is here introduced chiefly as it attaches to the latter class of these resemblances, and more particularly to that part of them which relates to the blindness of the Highland bard.

That an Order of Bards existed among the Celtic nations from the most remote antiquity, there is an abundance of testimony, and of the most unexceptionable kind, to prove, and which has been collected with singular industry by the celebrated Pelloutier; * and that, as must almost necessarily have followed, they also existed among those tribes of Celts who inhabited the Northern and Western parts of Scotland, evi-

* Hist. des Celtes, 2 vols. 4to. edition, 1771. Vol. i. pp. 12. 100. 115. 184. 188.

dence equally strong and satisfactory has been furnished to us by the best and earliest historians of that part of our island. Thus Buchanan declares, that in his time the name and functions of the bards still remained wherever the old British tongue was spoken, and that, particularly in the Western Islands, the inhabitants "sing poems, not inelegant, containing commonly the eulogies of valiant men; and their bards usually treat of no other subject;" * and Johnston, in the preface to his History of Scotland, speaking of the ancient poetry of his country, says, "although it is well known that the Scots had always more strength and industry to perform great deeds, than care to have them published to the world; yet, in ancient times, they had, and held in great esteem, their own Homers and Maros, whom they named bards. These recited the achievements of their brave warriors in heroic measures, adapted to the musical notes of the harp; with these they roused the minds of those present to the glory

* "Accinunt autem carmen non inconcinnè factum, quod ferè laudes fortium virorum contineat; nec aliud ferè argumentum eorum Bardi tractant."

of virtue, and transmitted patterns of fortitude to posterity. This order of men do still exist among the Welsh and ancient Scots, (the Highlanders), and they still retain that name (of bards) in their native language." *

It appears, indeed, from the researches of the most able antiquaries, that an order of Bards has existed in the Highlands of Scotland from a very remote era; that these bards, on the extinction of the Druids in Scotland about the third century, succeeded to many of their rights and privileges, and that they continued as a distinct class of men, and in uninterrupted succession, until A. D. 1726, when Nial Macvurich, the last of the bards, and whose an-

* "Quamvis intelligunt omnes plus semper virium et industriæ Scotis fuisse ad res agendas, quam commentationis ad prædicandas, habuerunt tamen antiquitus, et coluerunt suos Homeros et Marones, quos Bardos nominabant. Hi fortium virorum facta versibus heroicis et lyræ modulis aptata concinebant; quibus et præsentium animos acuebant ad virtutis gloriam, et fortitudinis exempla ad posteros transmittebant. Cujusmodi apud Cambros et priscos Scotos nec dum desiêre; et nomen illud patrio sermone adhuc retinent."

Vide Sinclair's Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, pp. 18, 19, and 20. where the translations given in the text are to be found.

cestors had, for several generations, exercised that office in the Clanranald family, died.

It is the express and uniform voice of tradition also, that this revolution, which devolved many of the functions of the Druids on the previously subordinate class of bards, was brought about through the agency of the race of Fingal *, a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for the silence of Ossian as to the Druidic rites.

That Fingal fought and Ossian sung can no longer, in short, from the weight of testimony which has been accumulated on their behalf, be disputed as facts; and that the latter was among the Celtic tribes, and to a very striking degree of similitude, what Homer is known to have been among the Grecian, is a further circumstance over which there now rests little doubt, and which gives to the poetry of the Scottish bard a peculiar degree of interest and effect.

The numerous coincidencies, indeed, which exist between them are truly remarkable. They appear to have addressed their poetry to a very similar state of society; to have been held in

* Vide Graham's Essay on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, p. 395, and Dr. Smith's *Seandana*, p. 223 and 245.

nearly similar estimation and honour; to have not only formed their songs or rhapsodies into one great and dependent whole, but to have sung them in detached portions to the music of the harp at feasts and festivals; to have committed them in the same manner solely to memory, and to have left them to the care of oral tradition. Nor is the resemblance, with regard to the fate and fortunes of their poetical offspring, restricted to their lives; it is continued through all succeeding generations. We know that Lycurgus, during his travels in Ionia, collected the scattered poems of Homer, which were then sung or recited as detached ballads or episodes, and carried them into Greece *; where, for more than a century and a half, and until the time of Solon and Pisistratus, they continued to be known, admired, and chaunted, in their separate and unconnected form.

We also know, that of the poetry of Ossian, which had for many centuries been in the mouths of the Highlanders as insulated tales or songs, various collections were made long an-

* Elian Hist. Var. lib. xiii. cap. 14.

terior to the time of Macpherson; that as Solon preceded Pisistratus, in attempting to restore the original catenation and series, so was Mr. Macpherson, in a similar manner and degree, anticipated by the efforts of Mr. Farquharson, whose manuscript in the Scotch college at Douay most certainly contained, and under an epic form, a great portion both of the fables of Fingal and Temora.*

As it was, however, to the labours of Pisistratus that Homer was chiefly indebted for a restoration to his original form and beauty †, as they existed in the Iliad and the Odyssey; so to the skill and taste of Mr. Macpherson, are we under similar obligations for a complete and highly interesting arrangement of the dislocated members of Fingal and Temora, as well in the language of the original, as through the medium of translation. ‡

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* Vide Sinclair's Dissertation, p. 42.

† "Quis doctior isdem temporibus," says Cicero, "aut cujus eloquentia literis instructior fuisse traditur, quam Pisistrati? qui primus Homeri libris, *confusos antea*, sic disposuisse dicitur, ut nunc habemus." De Oratore, iii. 34.

‡ The publication of the original Gaelic has put to flight the idea of Mr. Macpherson being its fabricator; for he has,

But singular and curious as this parallelism may appear, it admits of still further extension, when we recollect, that these great poets were also similarly circumstanced, as having been the first to give examples of epic poetry in their respective countries; as having equally carried it to a perfection unapproached in their different languages, and as having, in their old age, endured a like bodily infliction.

It is to this latter similitude, to the *blindness of Ossian when advanced in life*, that, as a companion to the picture which has been given of this calamity in the person of Homer, I shall now, exclusively, direct the attention of my readers.

In the works of Homer, with the exception of one remarkable passage in the Hymn to Apollo, we are left to infer the sentiments and feelings of the poet as to his own misfortune, from the description which he has given us of its effects and consequences in the person of the blind

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in his translation, in numerous instances, grossly misunderstood its import. See Mr. Ross's version of the first book of Fingal, in Sir John Sinclair's Dissertation, and the seventh book of Temora, translated by Dr. Graham, in his Essay on Ossian.

bard of Phœacia. But in the poetry of Ossian, we have, fortunately, numerous allusions to his loss of sight; and these form, in the most pathetic of all poets, some of the most pathetic and interesting appeals to be found in his productions.

To Ossian, even more than to Homer, must blindness have brought with it privations of the most distressing nature; for he was not only, as the Grecian was, a bard, and accustomed in that capacity to a life of interchange and variety; but he was also a warrior, and the son, moreover, of a great and heroic monarch. When on the eve of battle he raised the song and struck the harp, he sung not merely the achievements of others, but those in which he had himself been a prominent figure, in which he had commanded, fought, and bled; and when, at the feast of shells, he touched the chords to themes of love and social splendor, it was but to remind him of beauty which had once been familiar to his eye, and of magnificence which he could no longer either heighten or enjoy.

These were circumstances which, while they

contributed, on many occasions, to extend the field, and exalt the tone of his imagination, were yet more frequently productive of depressing thoughts and mournful associations; for to Ossian, sightless, grey-haired, and reposing on the aid of others, came the contrast of those days when his "arm was the support of the injured," and when "the weak rested behind the lightning of his steel."

Yet the grief of Ossian, however plaintive, is never weak or void of dignity; he is resigned, though full of sorrow. The last of a race of mighty men, he looks forward to the narrow tomb with joy, to a re-union with the spirits of his fathers in their cloud-formed mansions, and confident in the perpetuity of his fame. It is thus that, whilst sinking to his place of rest, he hears the voice of Fingal on the murmuring wind: "Come, Ossian, come away," he says; "come, fly with thy father on clouds." And he obeys the call with pleasure. "I come, I come, thou king of men! The life of Ossian fails!" And the aged bard then adds, in a spirit of mingled magnanimity and resignation,

"Did thy beauty last, O Ryno?* Stood the strength of car-borne Oscar?† Fingal himself departed. The halls of his fathers forgot his steps. Shalt thou, then, remain, thou aged bard! when the mighty have failed? But my fame shall remain, and grow like the oak of Morven; which lifts its broad head to the storm, and rejoices in the course of the wind." ‡

We have here a noble picture; yet, however, at peace within himself, and prepared to depart, however honoured and looked up to by those around him, it was impossible that, when contrasting his former field of heroism and activity with the dependency of a *blind* old age, nature should not wring from a bosom so susceptible and enthusiastic as was Ossian's, the occasional language of complaint. This, especially when allusive to his deprivation of sight, is so singularly beautiful and impressive, as to have clothed the memory of this bard of other times with associations in the highest degree tender and affecting.

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* The son of Fingal.

† The son of Ossian.

‡ Berrathon, Macpherson's Ossian, vol. ii. pp. 207, 208, 209.

Let us, for instance, turn to this high-born, and once martial, poet, and behold him contrasting the prowess of his youth when, with his friends, his gallant brothers and heroic father, he rushed to battle, glorying in his might, with the darkness and decrepitude of his closing days.

"Ryno went on like a pillar of fire. Dark is the brow of Gaul. Fergus rushed forward with feet of wind. Fillan like the mist of the hill. *Ossian*, like a rock, came down. I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of my arm. — *My locks were not then so grey; nor trembled my hands with age.* MY EYES WERE NOT CLOSED IN DARKNESS; *my feet failed not in the race!*" *

Still more mournfully and minutely does he paint the contrast, when, at the request of Malvina, the beautiful daughter of Toscar, and who cherished an undying affection for his fallen son, and, therefore, loved to hear the deeds of Oscar, he tells how the sons of Lochlin fell.

"How shall I relate the deaths," exclaims the aged bard, "when we closed in the strife

* Ossian, vol. i. p. 274. Fingal, book iii.

of arms? O daughter of Toscar! — Thou hast seen the sun retire, red and slow behind his cloud, night gathering round on the mountain, while the unfrequent blast roared in the narrow vales. At length the rain beats hard: thunder rolls in peals. Lightning glances on the rocks! Spirits ride on beams of fire! The strength of the mountain-streams comes roaring down the hills. Such was the noise of battle, maid of the arms of snow! Why, daughter of Toscar, why that tear? The maids of Lochlin have cause to weep! The people of their country fell. Bloody were the blue swords of the race of my heroes! *But I am sad, forlorn, and* BLIND: *no more the companion of heroes. Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears. I have seen the tombs of all my friends!*" *

It is to this latter circumstance, to his having been the sole survivor of a race renowned to heaven, that much additional melancholy, and much additional interest are thrown over the closing years of Ossian; for he is not only blind and old, but he has consigned every hero with whom he had shared the battle, and every

* Ossian, vol. i. p. 295. Fingal, book iv.

bard with whom he had raised the song, to the silence of the narrow tomb. Thus, is it customary with him, when recording the noble actions of his forefathers, to mark them as occurring "in the days of song; when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! When the chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. When they praised the voice of Cona!* the first among a thousand bards! — I hear the call of years!" continues the mournful bard; "they say, as they pass along, why does Ossian sing? — The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!" †

It had been the unhappy lot, indeed, of the Celtic bard, not only to have buried all the heroes of his house and name, but to have been condemned to linger out the remnant of his life among a fallen and degenerate race, a destiny which greatly aggravates the sense of his

* Ossian is sometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona.*

† The Songs of Selma. Ossian, vol. i. p. 216.

infirmities, and renders his dependency and loss of sight more galling and severe. The comparison is, in fact, ever present to his mind, and seldom, indeed, disjoined from the mention of his sightless age. Then, says he, adverting in his Fingal to the times of old, then "Many a voice and many a harp, in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fingal's noble deeds they sung; of Fingal's noble race: and sometimes on the lovely sound was heard the name of Ossian. I often fought, and often won, in battles of the spear. But, now, *blind, and tearful, and forlorn, I walk with little men!* O Fingal, with thy race of war, I now behold thee not! The wild roes feed on the green tomb of the mighty king of Morven! Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords, thou most renowned on the hills of Cona!*"

There is something inexpressibly interesting and pathetic in the various indirect modes by which Ossian connects his loss of sight with the memory of his former friends. Among a number of instances which might be quoted, I shall select one, whose appeal to the heart is rendered peculiarly tender and effective, by the

* Book the third, Ossian, vol. i. p. 279.

mournful expedient to which the bard is represented as having recourse, when, in the fulness of his feelings, he seems to evince an attachment for whatever object reminds him of his noble father.

"Did not Ossian hear a voice? or is it the sound of days that are no more? Often does the memory of former times come like the evening sun, on my soul. The noise of the chase is renewed. In thought I lift the spear. But Ossian did hear a voice! Who art thou, son of night? The children of the feeble are asleep. The midnight wind is in my hall. *Perhaps it is the shield of Fingal that echoes to the blast. It hangs in Ossian's hall.* HE FEELS IT SOMETIMES WITH HIS HANDS. Yes! I hear thee, my friend! Long has thy voice been absent from mine ear! What brings thee, on thy cloud, to Ossian, son of generous Morni? Are the friends of the aged near thee? Where is Oscar, son of fame? He was often near thee, O Conlath, when the sound of battle arose."*

There was one consolation, however, left to Ossian, of inestimable value; the unshaken at-

* Opening of Conlath and Cuthona, Ossian, vol. ii. p. 183.

tachment of Malvina, the beautiful daughter of Toscar. She had loved his son, the brave and gallant Oscar, and she now watched the steps of the blind and grey-haired bard, with an assiduity and affection, which neither age nor misfortune could diminish. To her has he addressed many of his most pathetic poems, and on her sympathy has he loved to repose his intimate and domestic sorrows. We behold her, as in the following passage, leading the time-stricken but still enthusiastic bard to the sound of his mountain streams; we admire the conscious sense of immortality which burns in the breast of the aged minstrel; and we dwell with rapture on the pity, mingled with veneration, which beams from the lovely features of Malvina.

"Darkness comes on my soul, O fair daughter of Toscar! I behold not the form of my son at Carun, nor the figure of Oscar on Crona. The rustling winds have carried him far away; and the heart of his father is sad. *But lead me, O Malvina! to the sound of my woods; to the roar of my mountain streams.* Let the chase be heard on Cona; let me think on the days of

other years. And bring me the harp, O maid! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song; *future times shall hear of me! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona; and, looking up to the rocks, say,* '*Here Ossian dwelt.*' They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina! on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock." *

It is to the same tender and ever-faithful companion that Ossian delights to entrust the recollection of his happiest days, when he was the favoured among numerous competitors for the love of the beautiful Everallin. The comparison which these reminiscences induce between that period of enjoyment, and his present state of destitution and sorrow, is touched with a masterly pencil. It ushers in the fourth book of Fingal, and is one of the many passages in the poetry of Ossian, which shows in what high estimation was held the gift of song, at that remote era, among the Celtic tribes of Scotland;

* Ossian, vol. i. p. 165.

for Everallin is represented as despising the mere sons of the sword, in comparison with her graceful bard, and her father is even described as telling him, "happy is the maid that waits on thee! Though twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice, thou son of fame!" It may also be observed, that the sightless and dependant age of this first and greatest of the northern minstrels, has never been painted in more forcible colours, than what the closing sentence of the following quotation will be found to exhibit.

"Who comes with her songs from the hill, like the bow of the showery Lena? It is the maid of the voice of love! The white armed daughter of Toscar! Often hast thou heard my song; often given the tear of beauty. Dost thou come to the wars of thy people? to hear the actions of Oscar? When shall I cease to mourn, by the streams of resounding Cona? My years have passed away in battle, my age is darkened with grief!

"Daughter of the hand of snow! I was not so mournful and *blind*, I was not so dark and forlorn, when Everallin loved me? Everallin, with

the dark brown hair, the white bosomed daughter of Branno! A thousand heroes sought the maid; she refused her love to a thousand. The sons of the sword were despised: for graceful in her eyes was Ossian! —

"Whoever would have told me, lovely maid, when then I strove in battle, that *blind*, forsaken, and forlorn, I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been; unmatched his arm in war!"*

But of all the passages in the works of Ossian in which his blindness is either directly or indirectly alluded to, there is no one, in point of sublimity and beauty, which can be brought into competition with that which contains his celebrated address to the sun. Of the man who, after reading this address, shall yet profess his inability to discover the superior merits of Ossian, it can only be said, that he has furnished ample proof of a most deplorable deficiency both of head and heart, of an insensibility, indeed, to some of the best and noblest feelings of our common nature. The introduction of his misfortune on this occasion, was, as

* Ossian, vol. i. pp. 283-4-5.

in Milton's inimitable address to light, a result naturally flowing from the subject, and, like the complaint of our immortal countryman, it has given a mournful and never-dying interest to a theme of surpassing awfulness and grandeur.

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest, in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. *But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.* But thou art,

perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."*

From the quotations which have now been given, as allusive to the blindness of Ossian, and to his feelings consequent on this misfortune, we are able to form a pretty accurate idea of the person and character of the poet. He comes before us in a manner much more full and distinct, than does the immortal father of the Grecian epic, and accompanied, too, by circumstances which give a deeper tinge of pathos to his story. For he is not only blind, and the greatest of the bards of his country, as was Homer, but he is, also, the last of a race of unrivalled warriors, and the only surviving offspring of their most renowned chieftain; a combination of circumstances which has added

* Ossian, vol. i. pp. 95, 96.

to the mention of Ossian among the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, epithets characteristic of his fate, and almost inseparable from his name. Thus, *Ossian dall*, Ossian the blind, observes Sir John Sinclair, is a person as well known in those districts, as Sampson the strong, or Solomon the wise; and *Ossian an deigh nam Fiann*, Ossian, the last of the Fingalians, is proverbial, to signify a man who has had the misfortune to survive his kindred.*

We consequently find, in Ossian, the result of a deeper and more varied pressure of calamity than could possibly have occurred to Homer, occupying, as he did, a much humbler station in society; for the poet of the Highlands mourned not merely for his own personal privations, but for the extinction of his royal house, and the comparative degeneracy of his countrymen; he felt not only as a bard, but as a warrior and legislator.

Under these circumstances, therefore, independent of others which might be mentioned as springing from the different aspect of climate,

* Dissertation on the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, p. 32.

country, and manners, we are prepared to expect a more plaintive and continued strain of melancholy thought. In no instance, however, does this degenerate into fretfulness or imbecility; on the contrary, a dignified and philosophic resignation is every where mingled with the most pathetic expression of his sufferings and sorrows; and we never lose sight of those awful, majestic, and affecting features, which spring from the almost unparalleled union of the bard, the hero, and the prince, with the pressure of years and the infliction of blindness.

It is thus, that the *old age* of *Ossian* is in itself, singularly entitled to our sympathy and veneration. But it is rendered beyond measure, striking and picturesque, when viewed in conjunction with the youthful and affectionate companion of his darksome way.

Fallen from his high estate, blind, forlorn, and silvered over with age, we behold the once mighty minstrel of Morven, leaning on the arm of the beautiful Malvina; she who had loved the noble son with a pure and constant affection, and now found her greatest pleasure in ministering to the wants of his father.

There is nothing, indeed, in the history of human affection, more hallowed and more lovely, than the various representations which are given us in the works of Ossian, of the intercourse subsisting between the aged poet and his youthful attendant; they are, in short, exquisite lessons of mutual charity and kindness, and they place both characters in the mos interesting points of view. What, for instance, can pourtray the feeling heart and benevolent consideration of the good old bard in a more delightful manner than the following passage, where, forgetful of his own misfortunes, he is represented as endeavouring to soothe the too poignant regret of his gentle companion, whom he overhears thus lamenting the untimely death of Oscar.

" Thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian! My sighs arise with the beam of the east; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The spring returned with its showers: no leaf of mine arose!

The virgins saw me silent in the hall; they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina; the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad? they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha! Was he lovely as the beam of morning, and stately in thy sight?"

Much as we may suppose these strains of sorrow to have agonised the paternal breast of Ossian, he suppresses his own emotions out of commiseration for the sufferings of his companion; and he endeavours to divert her attention, by relating some of his former heroic achievements.

"Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth. When thou didst return from the chace in the day of the sun, thou has heard the music of bards, and thy song is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina! but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful! O daughter of Toscar! and their days are few! They fall away, like the

flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of Ossian, O maid! He remembers the days of his youth!" *

With this lovely and consolatory picture of the blind old bard, with youth and beauty, and affection as his guide, I wish to close the present essay, reserving what the subject of this and the preceding paper on the Grecian poet may have further to suggest, until the mighty name of Milton comes before us.

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* See the opening of Croma; Ossian, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

No. XVIII.

Προς το αϊδιον εβλεπεν.

PLATO.

Looking to that which is eternal and incorruptible.

IN resuming the consideration of Sir Thomas Brown's RELIGIO MEDICI, I think it necessary again to press upon the mind of the reader, that I have been induced to select thus copiously from the work, in consequence of the disparity which exists amongst the materials made use of for its construction. A lofty enthusiasm, and almost boundless eccentricity of thought, an irrepressible fervour of imagination, and a never satiated desire for penetrating into the deepest and most awful recesses of nature, have frequently led this great but singular writer into discussions placed far beyond the reach of human comprehension. And when he descends

to topics of a less abstract and metaphysical nature, to subjects which come home to the bosoms and the business of his fellow men, his mode of illustration is often such, as from his choice of imagery and unhesitating openness of communication, may excite trains of ideas of a character little correspondent with the weighty and solemn import of his theme.

Amid these defects, however, which stand prominent on his pages, are scattered with no sparing hand, passages, whose beauty, sublimity, and moral wisdom, have never been exceeded; and of which, the diction can boast a purity and vigour, that would give added strength and power to any combination of thought however lofty and transcendant.

I feel, therefore, satisfied, that in recurring, on my former plan, to the pages of the *Religio Medici*, I shall be considered as prosecuting an attempt, which, if executed with any share of judgment, cannot fail of being in a high degree both useful and interesting; more especially, as I am about to introduce to my readers, that part of the work which is dedicated to the

object of *Charity*, a virtue which may be said to include almost every other which falls within the province of humanity.

After a few preliminary remarks, the author takes such a view of the foundation on which charity should be built, as proves him not only well acquainted with what constitutes the vital principle of religious duty; but with what too generally actuates the human heart, whilst employed in the office of extending relief to others.

"It is a happiness," he observes, "to be born and framed unto virtue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather than the inoculation and forced grafts of education; yet, if we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rate than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; Divinity will still call us heathens. Therefore, this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions; I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoined it; I relieve no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries, nor to

content mine own commiserating disposition, for this is still but moral charity, and an act that oweth more to passion than reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not this so much for his sake as for his own; for by compassion, we make others' misery our own, and so, by relieving them, we relieve ourselves also. It is as erroneous a conceit to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our own case; for this is a sinister and politic kind of charity, whereby we seem to bespeak the pities of men on the like occasions."

He then proceeds very justly to observe, that charity does not consist in the mere extension of pecuniary relief, but is often most efficient when applied not to the wants of the body, but to those of the soul. "I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue," he remarks, "as to conceive that to give alms, is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow

way, many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul, and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the sun illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitif in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I study not for my own sake only, but for their's that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less."

Of friendship, as a part of charity in its best and most delightful sense, our author has spoken in terms which paint without reserve the natural amiableness of his disposition, and which impress us, at the same time, with a

forcible conviction of the sincerity of his religious sentiments, and of the high and correct estimate which he had formed of the value and efficiency of private prayer. There is also in this part, as in many other portions of the work, when speaking of his own feelings, a degree of naiveté and engaging openness of communication, which though it may sometimes lead him into confessions of a nature liable to ridicule, is often productive of effects more truly suasive and striking in their appeal, than could have resulted from a more stately and didactic mode of composition. Thus, in the latter part of the passage which I am about to quote, what a pleasing devotional and interesting picture has the author given of himself, whilst in the exercise of his religious and professional duties.

"I love my friend," he declares, "before myself, and yet methinks, I do not love him enough; some few months hence my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all; when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him:

united souls desire to be truly each other, which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. — This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue; he that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will in a competent degree affect all. Now if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found out the true object, not only of friendship but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit: I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul; I

cannot see one say his prayers, but, instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps, is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessings of mine unknown devotions."

A clear perception of, and a love for, whatever is good and beautiful, and, consequently, harmonious, in nature and in art, seems a necessary basis for the superstructure of those feelings which constitute, under the appellations of charity, love, and friendship, what may be termed, the music of the human heart. To this refined sense of moral and intellectual rhythm, which approximates man to the nature of the Divinity, and which induced Plato, when attempting a definition of the soul, to term it *an harmony*, the author of *Religio Medici*, has alluded in the following highly eloquent and impressive manner.

"It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an

instrument. For there is a music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres: for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads, which declaim against all church music. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for, — it strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer; there is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God, such a melody to the ear, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God."

Ideas similar to those which are contained in this noble passage in relation to the Platonic doctrine of the harmony of the spheres, and of

the intellectual music of the soul, have been entertained by some of our best poets and divines. Thus, Spenser, alluding, like our author at the commencement of the above quotation, to the sense of harmony which arises from the contemplation of beauty and the emotions of a pure affection, says, that

—— Love is a *celestiall harmonie*
Of likely hearts, composed of *starres concent**:

and Milton, who was a warm admirer of the Platonic theories, has, in his lines *At a solemn Musick*, thus spoken of the intellectual melody which Browne tells us, is for ever sounding in the ears of God.

That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne,
To HIM that sits thereon.

In the *Paradise Lost*, he has again, and still more beautifully, alluded to the same doctrine;

* Hymns in Honour of Beautie.

where, speaking of the planets, he observes, that

—— In their motions, harmony itself
So smooths her charming tones, that *God's own ear*
*Listens delighted** :

which is precisely the diapason of the spheres to which Plato represents the Deity as listening. Ἐκ πασῶν δὴ ἐκτὸς ἑστῶν ΜΙΑΝ ΑΡΜΟΝΙΑΝ ΣΥΜΦΩΝΕΙΝ.†

The idea of this harmony, as resulting from order and proportion, being inherent in the human soul, but imperceptible to ears of flesh and blood, is finely brought out in the following lines from Shakspeare.

——— Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. ‡

* Book V. v. 625. † De Republ. lib. x.
‡ Merchant of Venice, Act 5.

In a few pages subsequent to the passage on harmony, Sir Thomas enters upon a comparison between the world of man and the world of general nature. It is drawn up in terms not only morally just, but eloquently sublime; and is one among the many parts of the *Religio Medici* that deserves to be indelibly imprinted on the memory.

"For the world, I count it not an inn, but an hospital, and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself, it is the microcosm of mine own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity within us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the

sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as the Scripture; he that understands not thus much, hath not his introductions or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man."

One of the great sources of happiness, as far as happiness is attainable in this world, is derived from the disposition of being satisfied with simple and easily procurable gratifications, a state of mind which, if founded on a resignation to the divine will, is, beyond all others, calculated for the mitigation of evil and the enjoyment of good. Of a temper, both by nature and on principle, thus prone to contentment, it would appear, from the passage I am about to quote, that our philosophical physician was the fortunate possessor. There is something, indeed, so artlessly open, and so cheerfully sincere, in the language which he has chosen for the annunciation of his feelings on this occasion, that we are compelled to believe that the author of Religio Medici must have been a happy man.

"Let me not injure the felicity of others," he tells us, "if I say, I am as happy as any;

ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should Providence add more? Surely, this is it we call happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is, surely, a nearer apprehension of any thing that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses. —I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and, surely, it is not a melancholy conceit, to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense; but the liberty of reason, and our waking con-

ceptions, do not match the fancies of our sleeps."

The idea with which this extract closes, has led the author into some curious speculations on the nature of sleep, and on the independency of mind on matter. The subject is one which suited the scrutinizing and metaphysical genius of Browne; but he has on this, as on every other topic of a similar nature, intermingled many thoughts of a highly sublime and devotional cast; and he always takes care to render the discussion subservient to an expression of his belief in the immateriality of the intellectual principle. Thus, in reference to the excitement of the mental powers during sleep, he remarks, "that there is something in us, that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus," adding also, as a proof of this "something" being likewise beyond the dominion of death, that "it is observed that men, sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a

strain above mortality." He then closes the subject with some truly admirable observations on the similitude between sleep and death; and which place the religious and devotional character of Sir Thomas Browne in the most pleasing point of view. He has also, on this occasion, relinquished the sober march of prose composition, and deviated into poetry, presenting us with some lines which seem to show, that if he had chosen to cultivate the Muses, it was within his power to excel.

"We term sleep a death," he observes, "and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. It is, indeed, a part of life that best expresseth death, for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. — It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

" The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigour run
My course as doth the nimble sun.
Sleep is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head,
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

These are my drowsy days, in vain
I do now wake to sleep again.
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.

"This is the dormitive I take to bedward. I need no other *laudanum* than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection."

The author immediately after this passage makes a sudden transition to the consideration of distributive and commutative justice, presenting us, during the discussion, with some admirable observations on the use and abuse of riches. No man was perhaps less a slave to mercenary motives than Sir Thomas Browne, who appears, indeed, at all times, to have considered intellectual wealth as the best and most valuable of human possessions. "I was not born," he observes, "unto riches, neither is it, I think, my star to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedom of my mind, and frankness of my disposition, were able to contradict and cross my

fates: for to me avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness; to conceive ourselves urinals, or to be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore as this.— I have not *Peru* in my desires, but a competence, and ability to perform those good works to which he hath inclined my nature. He is rich who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.* — Upon this motive only, I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers; these scenical and accidental differences between us, cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both; there is under these *centoes* and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves. Statists that labour to contrive a commonwealth without poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the commonwealth of a

Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ."

And here I must beg leave to make a single deviation from the plan laid down, and present my readers with a quotation from the first part of the *Religio Medici*, on the distribution of the goods of fortune, forming an appendage to the passage just brought forward, too valuable and important to be omitted, more especially as it may tend to reconcile many a mind of taste and talent to the patient indurance of the *res angustæ domi*.

"It is, I confess, the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who thoroughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. It is a most unjust ambition to desire to engross the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and it is an error worse than heresy, to adore these complemental and circumstantial pieces of feli-

city, and undervalue those perfections and essential points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires it is satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let Providence provide for fools; it is not partiality, but equity in God, who deals with us but as our natural parents; those that are able of body and mind, he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of one by the access of the other."

It is, in fact, one of the soundest parts of religion and morality, to believe that the Almighty looks down upon us with favour, in proportion as we cultivate that part of our being which is more immediately the offspring of his own essence, in proportion as we learn to view him as the source of all that is purely intellectual, and therefore, pre-eminently good, in proportion as we learn to despise the accidental differences which constitute the wealth of this world. It is then, that, in the language of our author, we learn "to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God;" it is then that to us, "all that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided

piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange, that we should place affectionon that which is invisible; all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore Virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus, that part of our noble friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. *God* being all goodness, can love nothing but himself; he loves us but for that part, which is as it were himself, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit.

It follows consequently, from this view of the subject, and it is one of which there cannot be a doubt as to its correctness, that every attempt to build happiness on foundations which have no immediate reference to the moral and intellectual parts of our nature, and therefore, to the eternal Spirit as their only source, must be baseless and unsatisfactory; and it is, as the result of thus rightly thinking, that the author of *Religio Medici*, after declaring his entire conviction of the total nothingness of what is too often sought for under the name of happiness;

terminates his work with a very emphatic expression of his creed on this topic, and with a prayer of the most perfect humility and resignation. It is a passage, in every respect worthy to close the series of sublime and moral quotations, of which the selection has afforded not only myself, but my readers also, I trust, a very high gratification.

"I conclude," says our admirable physician, "there is no felicity in that which the world adores. — That wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy, that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may, with an easy metaphor, deserve that name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of *Pliny*, an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of conscience, command of my affections, the love of thyself, and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity *Cæsar*. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth, wherein I set no rule, or limit, to thy hand or

providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing."

It will now be perceived, on a retrospection of this, and the former number on the same subject, that, in making my selections from the *Religio Medici*, I have introduced a series of the most important topics which can agitate the mind of man, and which form, in fact, a brief system of religion and morality. A recapitulation of the order in which these have been quoted, both in reference to the two parts of the treatise, and to the titles by which they may be designated, will place the arrangement which I have had in view in a light perfectly clear and distinct.

From the *first* part of the *Religio Medici*, and in the fourteenth number of these Essays, will be found extracts: 1. On the Creation of Man. 2. On the Providence of the Deity. 3. On the Attributes of the Deity. 4. On the Admiration of the Deity. 5. On Revealed Religion. 6. On the Church of England. 7. On Toleration. 8. On Death. 9. On the Resurrection. 10. On a Day of Retribution.

From the *second* part, and in the present

Essay, the reader is presented with observations. 1. On Charity. 2. On Friendship. 3. On the Harmony of Nature. 4. On the World and on Man. 5. On Contentment of Mind. 6. On Sleep, as compared with Death. 7. On Riches, and their Use and Value. 8. On Intellectual Wealth, or on the Goods of the Mind, as compared with those of the body. 9. On the Love of God. 10. On True Happiness.

The powerful and ever splendid eloquence with which these subjects are treated; the originality which they exhibit, both in thought and imagery, and the noble truths which they uniformly inculcate, must, I am persuaded, have made a strong and durable impression on the minds and hearts of my readers; and should it be thought, that, in separating these materials from others of a less valuable, and, in some respects, of even an objectionable nature; or in endeavouring to place them in a more prominent and conspicuous point of view, through the medium of comment or observation, I have in any degree contributed to render them better known, better relished, or better understood, I shall not doubt of having executed a task worthy of all acceptance from the intelligent and the good.

No. XIX.

Oh, my heart!
To witness how I lov'd him! Would he had not
Led me unto his grave, but sacrific'd
His sorrows upon mine!
I will kneel by him,
And on his hallow'd earth do my last duties;
I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him;
Woodbines shall grow upon his honour'd grave,
And, as they prosper, clasp to show our love,
And, when they wither, I'll die too.

FLETCHER.

Mr. Walsingham stayed but to offer up a mental prayer that the contrition which he had just witnessed, might not, like every other previous pang of remorse which the unhappy Buckingham had felt, prove transient and ineffective. He then hastened with the companion allotted him, and an additional horse for the accommodation of Adeline, to Gilling Castle, an ancient man-

sion, situated about five miles south from Helmsley, and which, as part of the Fairfax estates, had several years ago fallen into the possession of his Grace.

Here, after waiting for some minutes in a large antique room hung round with numerous specimens of armour, light steps were heard, and presently, the door opening, Adeline rushed into his arms. She had evidently suffered severely from fatigue, anxiety, and terror, nor was the information which Mr. Walsingham had to communicate, in the least degree calculated to allay her apprehensions. He told it her, however, with such qualifying circumstances, as, while they strongly painted the sufferings of Edward, and the distress of Lluellyn, might yet lead to the reasonable indulgence of hope; and they instantly left Gilling Castle with all the speed which the darkness of the night, and the almost exhausted strength of Adeline would allow.

The fears and anxieties of the unhappy girl increased, however, in proportion as they approached the cottage of the Rye; and so enfeebled, indeed, had she become through the

intensity of her feelings, that, as the servants, on her arrival, were assisting in taking her from her horse, she fainted in their arms. In short, the task which now devolved upon Mr. Walsingham was of the most delicate and distressing nature, and required all that prudence and circumspection which, fortunately for those around him, he was known to possess in an eminent degree.

As soon, therefore, as Adeline had recovered from the effects of exhaustion, he prepared to communicate to Llwellyn and Edward the glad tidings of her return. They had both passed the interval, during Mr. Walsingham's absence, in sleepless anxiety, and some address was necessary, more especially with regard to the latter, in order to prevent the welcome intelligence from producing too powerful an excitement. It was deemed, indeed, essential to the security of Edward, that he should, for the present, remain satisfied with hearing of the safety of Adeline, while, after a short preparatory notice, the daughter was restored to the arms of her aged father.

Pathetic in the highest degree was the meet-

ing between the blind Lluellyn, and his affectionate child. "My father, my poor father!" "My Adeline, my dear and only Adeline!" was all that escaped in words, ere they were locked in silence within each other's arms.

Yet the shock which Lluellyn had received from the suddenness and violence of the event which had deprived him for a time of his only stay and hope, was but too visibly depicted on his shrunk and pallid features, and with the tears of joy which streamed from the eyes of Adeline, and bathed the bosom of the good old man, were mingled many which fell in apprehension for his future safety.

Nature, however, exhausted by her own conflicting emotions, soon gave way to the blessings of repose, and in the morning Adeline had the gratification of seeing him considerably revived. It was then, that, with the permission of his medical attendant, she was admitted to a sight of Edward. He lay pale and extended on the bed, breathing with some difficulty, and occasionally racked with pain; but the entrance of her for whom alone he wished to live, reanimated, for a moment, his languid frame. They

were left alone; she knelt by his side; with a voice tremulous with emotion, and whilst the tears fell fast upon the hand he stretched to meet her, she thanked him fervently and tenderly for the efforts he had made to save her. A smile of ineffable sweetness played upon his opening lips; a faint hectic passed across his cheek, and pressing her to his heart, he blessed the moment which had brought her to the cottage of the Rye. The pressure was returned, almost unconsciously returned;—it was the hour of gratitude and love, of love which innocence might own without a blush, of gratitude, which heaven might sanction with delight; and it was then that Adeline first heard that confession of attachment, the transient thought of whose existence had sometimes stolen on her nights of sorrow with all the fascination of a fairy dream.

There is in this intercommunication of the young and guileless heart, when love first springs within its recesses, so much of that delicious and that hallowed feeling which built the paradise of Eden, and which flows in a great measure from the conscious sense of being the object of a pure affection, that there are few

adversities in this world over which it does not shed, in some degree, a soothing balm; and fortunate was it for Adeline, that at the moment when she would otherwise have felt the pang of utter destitution, this sweet assurance came to save her from an early grave; for, alas! much as her confidence had been raised by the partial restoration of Llucllyn, she was about to lose that dear and valued parent.

The agony which he had endured from the apprehended loss of his child, and the sorrow which he had experienced from being the cause, however involuntary on his part, of so much misery to his friends, had proved too much for his advanced years, and shattered frame. Even the revivescence which the safe return of his daughter had at first produced, served but more rapidly to exhaust the strength which his previous sufferings had spared; and he felt that in a few days he should enter that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

There were few persons, indeed, more thoroughly prepared for the change, than was Llucllyn; yet there was one tie, one tender tie,

which bound him still to earth, and when he thought on Adeline, the beloved companion of his sightless age, her who was about to become an orphan, deserted, desolate, and alone, his heart would sometimes sink within him; nor, though conscious of the purity of his own intentions, and the general innocency of his life, could he reflect on the awful sanctity, and supreme justice of Him, before whom he was about to appear, without in some degree trembling on the brink of eternity. Yet faith, a Christian's faith, was his; and reposing his full confidence on him whom he knew to be mighty and willing to save, his doubts, his fears, his griefs, all gradually subsided into hope, and trust, and joy.

It was on the evening of an early day in April, as the sun was descending in all his glory, that Llwellyn, having just awakened from a profound sleep, beheld Adeline and Mr. Walsingham leaning over him. He had been more than usually languid and weak during the whole of the preceding night and day, and as he had lain perfectly still and motionless for several hours, they had crept to his bedside to satisfy themselves that he was yet breathing. They

had beheld him in a soft and tranquil slumber, his features perfectly serene, and a smile just brightening on his lips; his hair, almost white as snow, lay diffused upon his pillow, and a lock or two were glowing with the farewell crimson of the sinking sun.

"My beloved Adeline, my generous friend," he whispered as he awoke, "how happy has your poor Lluellyn been; visions of paradise have soothed him as he slept."—"Yes, my dear father," replied Adeline, in tears, "we have witnessed your tranquillity with delight; you seemed, peaceful and blessed as yonder setting sun, that now gleams with mild beauty on your cheek."—"And the sun is now setting!" said Lluellyn, turning wistfully and almost instinctively his dark eyes towards the light, "Oh, that I could once again behold his glorious beams! How often, when the day-spring visited these now sightless orbs, have I sate and gazed on his departing loveliness, and wished that, like him, I could diffuse blessings unbounded over the earth."

"He is, my good Lluellyn," exclaimed Mr. Walsingham, taking the almost clay-cold hand

of the dying bard, "an emblem of yourself, and of every confiding Christian; though clouds and darkness are now gathering around him, they disturb not his serenity; he is looking forward to another and a brighter day; he is setting in smiles, to rise again in glory!"

The moving lips and flowing tears of Lluellyn, told that he was engaged in silent prayer; at length, he faintly uttered, "Yes, my Adeline, yes, my friend, I feel that I am about to leave you; to your God, and my God, I trust that I am hastening. Oh, Mr. Walsingham," he added, sighing deeply as he spoke, "there is but one pang I feel in quitting this world for another; ah, need I mention my poor, my orphan child?"

"I will be her father, my Lluellyn," cried Mr. Walsingham, with emphatic warmth; "she shall be unto me as a daughter! I have none who love me left on earth, save Edward and your Adeline; and it is my dearest hope and prayer that they may live to close these weary eyes."

Joy lightened on the pale features of Lluellyn as he listened to this blessed assurance, and he pressed, with convulsive energy, the hand of

his kind benefactor; yet in so doing the recollection of the still uncertain fate of Edward smote upon his heart, and chilled the fulness of his gratification. "Oh, that I could but once more hear the voice of that gallant youth," he said, "and I should die in peace!"

"It is a wish that will not be denied you, Llucllyn," returned Mr. Walsingham, "for Edward is preparing to join us. So earnest has he been in his desire to see you, that though far from being out of danger, I have thought it right to comply with his request, and he is coming hither, borne on his couch." As he said this, the door of the apartment opened, and Edward, carried by the servants, and extended on his pallet, was laid by the side of the expiring minstrel.

"Thou art come, my son," he faintly cried, "to witness the last moments of the dying Llucllyn, and to hear him bless thee for thy kindness to himself and to his child."—"Oh that the author of this mischief," exclaimed the youth, strongly affected by the scene, "could but see and feel the desolation which he has wrought!"—"May heaven pardon him," an-

swered Lluellyn; "may he know, before it be too late, the error of his ways! But thou, my son, God shall reward thee; for thou hadst pity on a poor and blind old man; and the blessing of him who was ready to perish shall be a comfort to thy grey hairs!"

The emotion which agitated the breast of Edward, prevented for some time all reply; at length, hastily, and with an anxious and imploring tone, he uttered, "Oh, my father, one more blessing, and you will complete the happiness of Edward! this awful moment requires me to be brief and plain. I love, with a pure and holy affection, — I love your daughter! It is only since I have been stretched upon the bed of sickness; it is only, indeed, within these few days, that the secret has escaped me; it is known to Adeline, it has this morning been made known to Mr. Walsingham; and, when I add, that he approves, may I not hope that the parting accents of Lluellyn will bless and consecrate our union?"

"Do my ears inform me rightly," said the astonished bard," or is this the fiction of my failing senses?"—"It is, it is the truth," cried

Mr. Walsingham; "they have my consent, and may yours, my dear and honoured friend, of greater consequence to both, may yours be not withheld. A competency sufficient for their use is mine to give; we will prosecute the journey which you had meditated; we will live beneath the same roof, and we will bless the memory of Lluellyn!"

An expression of intense delight animated for a moment the pale countenance of Lluellyn; he took the already extended hands of Adeline and Edward; he joined them, and he blessed them; it was a consummation of his hopes and wishes too powerful for worn nature to support; he tried once more to speak; he made an effort to express the happiness which dwelt within his bosom, but in vain; a gentle sigh escaped him, and he sank upon his pillow. It was then that Adeline, in an agony of grief, kissed the cold forehead of her dying parent, and bathed it with her tears; while Walsingham, kneeling at the foot of the bed, addressed the throne of grace; and with clasped hands, and imploring eyes, prayed, fervently prayed, that his last moments might resemble those of his departed

friend; — for Lluellyn had ceased to breathe; he had fallen asleep, like an infant on its mother's breast.

While such had been the scenes at the cottage of the Rye, far different were those which had passed within the castle of Helmsley. The mind of Buckingham had been a prey to remorse and anguish; but with the madness and folly which had ever marked his career, he strove to repel the compunctious visitings of nature, by every species of dissipation that was yet left within his grasp; for so great had been his extravagance, that, notwithstanding his revenues had formerly been of princely magnitude, he was now enduring not only comparative poverty, but even want was staring him in the face; and as he had lived a profligate, he was hastening to die a beggar.

A restless inquietude, indeed, a perpetual endeavour to get rid of himself, formed one of the chief miseries of his existence; for the vultures of a stricken conscience, more relentless than the footsteps of his pursuing creditors, followed him from place to place. More especially did he suffer, when he learnt, from

time to time, the still dangerous situation of Edward; and even the death of the aged Lluellyn pressed heavy on his heart. He became, in short, careless of life, and, as if velocity of motion contributed to ward off the intrusions of thought, he was almost constantly engaged in the chase, during which he seemed to court every risk, and expose himself to every danger.

Meantime, the sorrowing inmates of the cottage were preparing to pay the last sad duties to the relics of their loved Lluellyn. He had, a short time previous to his death, intimated a wish to his daughter, that he might rest beside the grave of his departed wife. She had been buried, at her own request, near the tomb of her parents; who, having lived and died in the parish of Kirkdale, lay interred in the grounds of its venerable church. It was, therefore, to some distance and through Helmsley, that they had to convey the body of their lamented friend; a circumstance, which furnished a somewhat unexpected, though pleasing proof of the strong interest which had attached itself to the character and misfortunes of Lluellyn;

for not only did the most respectable of the dwellers of Rosedale leave their roofs and occupations to meet the remains of him whom they had well known and highly valued, but even most of the peasantry of Rivaulx, and several of the inhabitants of Helmsley, though but lately or casually acquainted with his name and story, joined the stream of mourners. There had been something, indeed, so much beyond the usual routine of life, in the person, manners, and fate of Llwellyn, something so extraordinary and exciting in the incidents which had befallen both himself and his daughter, that short as their residence had been at the cottage of the Rye, almost every bosom in the neighbourhood, however rude or simple, felt a more than common sympathy in their wrongs and sufferings.

It had been the expressed wish of Mr. Walsingham, that he might be allowed to perform the funeral service over the body of his friend, a proposal which had been peculiarly gratifying to Adeline and Edward. As soon, therefore, as they had come within sight of the church, he separated himself from the group of mourners, and went forward; while, in con-

formity with a custom which then prevailed in many of the northern counties of the kingdom, a number of young men and maidens, commenced the singing of psalms and hymns, a practice intended to show, that the dead have finished their course with joy, and are become conquerors.

The effect was in the highest degree solemn, and enhanced not only by the serenity of the evening, but by the venerable aspect of the building to which they were now approaching, and by the equally striking character of its situation; for the church of Kirkdale, one of the most ancient specimens of Saxon architecture yet remaining in the island, stands in a most sequestered but beautiful spot at the southern extremity of the vale, surrounded with woods, and having a considerable brook running close by its church-yard. * The whole neighbour-

* "The Saxon inscription over the door of this church shows its antiquity; it is cut on an entire freestone, of seven feet five inches in length, by one foot ten inches in breadth. The following is the purport of the inscription: —

"Orm, Gamelliónis filius, emit Sancti Gregorii Ecclesiam tunc tolerat diruta et collapsa, et ille pactus est eam Maccan

hood, indeed, is highly interesting, from the depth and extent of its woodlands, from its

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illam a solo renovare, Christo et Sancto Gregorio, in Edwardi diebus Regis, et in Tosti diebus Comitis.

" Upon the dial in the middle part: —

" Hæc est dici temporis delineatio, versus solstitium hyemis.
" Et Hawarth me fecit, et Brand Presbyter.

" Orm, Gamal's son, bought St. Gregory's church; then it was all gone to decay and fallen down; and he agreed with Maccan, to renew it from the ground to Christ and St. Gregory, in Edward's days the King, and Tosti's days, the Earl.

" This is a draught, exhibiting the time of day, whilst the sun is passing to and from the winter solstice.

" And Hawarth me made, and Brande the priest. *

" From the above, appears the antiquity of Kirkdale church; for Tosti, the fourth son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, and brother to King Harold, was created Earl of Northumberland by King Edward the Confessor, in the year 1056; but being of a cruel and turbulent disposition, he was expelled the kingdom in the year 1065, and lost his life the year following at Stamford Bridge, near York. Hence this church must have been rebuilt, and the inscription cut between the years 1056 and 1065."

Vide Bigland's Yorkshire, p. 269—270.

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* The Latin and English translations of the above mentioned Saxon inscriptions, are taken from a letter addressed to Mr. Gough, by the late John Charles Brooke, Esq., of the Herald's College, F. S. A.

retired vallies and interspersed rivulets; and to mark the train now collected, slowly moving along its romantic scenery, though at this period of the year, wanting some of its richer accompaniments, and to hear the mournful melody of the funeral dirge swelling from a distance through the still evening air, could not but induce, even in the mind of the passing traveller, emotions of the most pleasing though melancholy cast.

How powerfully, then, these circumstances were calculated to operate on the suffering mind of Adeline, and how well she felt them accord with the dear and lovely character of him whom they were now conducting to the grave, can scarcely be too highly imagined. Grief is ever assiduous to find food for its own support, and the recollection of what had been the effect of such a scene on the feelings of the departed, when they followed together her dear mother to this very spot, was almost too painful to be borne.

Even on Mr. Walsingham, who had now come forth to meet the mourners at the entrance of the church-yard, and whose mind was fully

occupied by the awful import of the ceremony he was about to perform, even on him had many of the features of the scene not failed to produce a more than common impression. It was precisely such, indeed, as might be supposed capable of, in some degree, heightening the effect of by far the most sublime and pathetic of all human compositions, — the service for the dead. The very remote antiquity, too, of the church they were about to enter, the very striking appearance of its burial-ground, encompassed by gigantic trees, through whose branches the evening breeze was sighing softly as it passed; the sound of the water, as it ran lapsing by, and murmuring as it were a requiem for the dead; the last rays of the setting sun, yet lingering with a farewell smile on the grave just opened to receive the remains of the aged bard; the deep affliction of the innocent and orphan Adeline, and the hushed and devout attention of the numerous spectators, all contributed, together with his own peculiar grief for the loss of his earliest friend, not only to render this noble service more than usually impressive on his own mind, but to give to his

recitation of it a force and solemnity of effect that flooded every eye with tears.

It is under the influence of circumstances and feelings like these, that the heart of man becomes better and wiser; he is here taught to acknowledge the nothingness of mere human hopes and speculations, the utter dependence of his being, even for an hour's transitory life and enjoyment, on causes alike above his conception or controul; and when, as now, he sees virtue and nobility of nature descending to the tomb, the hapless victim of fraud and violence, of sorrow and persecution, it is then he feels, if ever, that wretched, above all others, must be the lot of him who has never sought, or even looked beyond this life for that which is to remedy the disorders, the sufferings and privations which accompany our passage to the grave; who, when he has declared, as all shall ever do, that "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery: that he cometh up and is cut down like a flower, and fleeth as it were like a shadow," cannot at the same time add with joy, and in the sublime language of the patriarch: "I

know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

With emotions and reflections such as these were the remains of Lluellyn committed to their parent mould, and not an individual probably of the numbers who had followed the bard of Aberfraw to his grave, and who saw him mingled with the dust from which he sprang, but returned to his home more justly estimating the value of this life, and of that which is to come!

It was with some difficulty that poor Adeline could be withdrawn from the spot which covered all that remained of a parent more than ordinarily endeared to her by every tie of affection and misfortune, and who, it was possible, might prove the last earthly stay and blessing of her unexperienced years; and it was only after a promise from Mr. Walsingham had given her the assurance of revisiting Kirkdale in the course of a few days, that she suffered herself to be torn from the grave.

Edward had been long and impatiently awaiting the return of his friends, apprehensive that

the duty which Adeline had imposed upon herself, would too painfully task her affections. It was, therefore, with sensations of the most heartfelt delight that he beheld her once more sheltered in the cottage of the Rye; nor, though anxious for a longer interview, could he avoid assenting to the propriety of the measure, when Mr. Walsingham, fearful that the distress of mind which she had undergone, might prove too severe a trial for her delicate frame, consigned her, after a few parting words of kindness and consolation, to the care of Mrs. Sedley for the night.

Sleep, the kind restorer of exhausted nature, seldom fails to sooth the sorrows of that bosom where conscious innocence resides; and when Adeline re-appeared the ensuing morning, it was highly gratifying to Mr. Walsingham to perceive, that not only had she recovered in a great degree from the fatigue of the preceding day, but that the violence of her affliction had given way to the suggestions of hope and resignation. Scarcely, however, had they sate down to breakfast, and had commenced some interesting conversation on the loss which they had so

lately sustained, when a servant, purporting to have come from His Grace of Buckingham, requested to see Mr. Walsingham.

On his admission he presented a letter from the Duke, and being asked if he came from the Castle, replied that his master was confined by illness at the house of one of his tenants at Kirby Moorside, and was thought to be in extreme danger. The circumstance surprised Mr. Walsingham, and on enquiring further, he learnt, that the Duke had some days before caught a cold and ague, by imprudently sitting on the wet ground after a fox-chase, and that the whole of yesterday he had been unable to leave his bed from the violence of the fever.*

The truth, in fact, was, that his Grace, in consequence of the unbounded extravagance in which he had so long indulged, had been for some time reduced to great poverty; that but the week before, he had been deserted by all his former friends, and nearly the whole of his dependants, and had fled for refuge to the wretch-

* That this imprudence was actually the immediate cause of the Duke's death, may be learnt from his various biographers.

ed tenement in which he now lay, and where, until the preceding day, he had endeavoured to lose the sense of his misery, by an almost continued and inordinate pursuit of the chace.

These, and further particulars, which were gradually elicited from the servant, and which served to paint, in strong colours, the extreme want and misery of this once opulent and powerful nobleman, had, notwithstanding their just abhorrence of his character, produced a deep sense of commiseration in the breasts both of Mr. Walsingham and Adeline, a feeling which was augmented to an almost painful degree of intensity by the import of the letter, which Mr. Walsingham now read aloud. It was directed to the Rev. David Walsingham, dated April the 14th, 1687, and ran as follows. *

* This letter, which I have copied verbatim, with the exception of but a line and a half, distinguished by italics, from Mr. Hinderwell's "History and Antiquities of Scarborough," 4to edition, 1798. pp. 347-8-9, has been considered as authentic; though it appears to me, that the style is greatly superior to that of the specimens which we possess of the prose composition of Buckingham. The contrition, however, and the sentiments, which this document displays, are such as every good man will wish may have been those of his Grace at this momentous period of his life.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have reason to believe you to be a person of true virtue, and I know you to have a sound understanding; for, however I may have acted in opposition to the principles of religion or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I have always had a high veneration for both. The world and I shake hands; for, I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, *time!* I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours. How despicable is that man who never prays to his God but in the time of distress! In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his prosperity, he never remembered with reverence?

"Do not brand me with infidelity when I tell you that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of grace, or to implore that divine mercy in the next world, which I have scandalously abused in this.

"Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God?

"Shall an insult offered to the king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

"The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes were you to shew this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than resentment. A future state may well enough strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage, indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of God. The apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of his understanding. To what a situation am I now reduced! Is this odious little hut a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character

of a Christian? From my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which, I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse, despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God.

"There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous, and, fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence, to procure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtues with disrespect, and sported with the holy name of heaven to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt.

"Your men of wit generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to people of meaner understandings. It is a sort of

derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity; and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.

"What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment; or that any person should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that appears solicitous about his happiness in the next.

"I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friends of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty; but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly cast off by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease, and *the talking with you on a subject now nearest to my heart, will give me still more.*

"I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

BUCKINGHAM."

This letter, the language of which breathed such a spirit of contrition and good sense, excited the surprise, while at the same time, it gratified the feelings of Mr. Walsingham. Its effect on Adeline was not less striking; her own injuries were forgotten and absorbed in compassion for the miseries of him who had inflicted them; and, much as she had reason to abhor the vices of the profligate nobleman, she could not avoid weeping over the death-bed of the penitent sinner.

"I thank God," exclaimed Mr. Walsingham, as he laid the letter on the table, "that this hitherto unfortunate man has, at length, seen the error of his ways; racked by disease, and alarmed by apprehensions of approaching dissolution, he now bitterly repents, I rejoice to perceive, the iniquities of his past life, his ingratitude towards his Maker, and his neglect of the duties of religion. Yes, my love," he added, addressing Adeline, "I will immediately attend the couch of the dying Buckingham. I shall be able, I trust, to carry consolation to his bosom, not only by an assurance of the recovering state of Edward, but by placing before

him, in their proper light, those requisites for salvation in another world, of which, I am afraid, he has too long lost sight in this."

As he uttered these words, he ordered the Duke's servant to be re-admitted, and telling him that he would immediately accompany him to his master, gave directions for his own horse to be got ready.

(*To be continued.*)

No. XX.

See! where the *British Homer* leads
The Epic choir of modern days,
Blind as the Grecian bard.

WEST.

IT is obvious that our interest in, and sympathy for, the sufferings of our fellow-creatures will be in proportion to the personal merit of the parties, and to the authenticity, accuracy, and particularity of the circumstances which have reached us in relation to their misfortunes. Thus, interested as we have lately been, by the distant and indistinct views which the lapse of ages has just permitted us to take of the blindness of *Homer*, how much more powerfully should we have sympathized with the great poet, had the history of his calamity, and of the feelings to which it gave birth in his bosom, come down to us with any degree of minuteness and fidelity!

It is owing to a fuller detail of the emotions which may be supposed to agitate a great and virtuous mind from such an awful visitation, that we enter with a deeper sense of fellow feeling and commiseration into the fate and fortunes of *Ossian*. Yet pathetic as are the frequent allusions which the Bard of the Highlands has made to his loss of sight, they are faint and evanescent in their impression on the mind, when compared with the effect which has resulted from the history of a similar infliction in the person of our divine MILTON.

The privation which has for ever associated the memory of *Homer* and *Ossian* with sentiments of pity and endearment, appears to have fallen upon them in the decline of life, and as one of the numerous infirmities of old age; an infliction, it is true, at all times, severe and distressing, but when, as in the case of Milton, it occurs in the very vigour of life, more peculiarly does it render the sufferer an object of interest and attention.

But this circumstance, important as it is, is by no means the most distinguishing feature in the history of Milton's blindness; it is to the

very striking fact, that he voluntarily sacrificed his eye-sight to his sense of duty, that we owe much of that deep admiration mingled with love and compassion which now accompanies the memory of this sublime poet.

It was about the year 1644, as we learn from his letter to Leonard Philaras, and when he was but thirty-six years of age, that his sight first became weak and dim, occasioned partly by protracting when very young, his studies to a late period of the night, and partly by the frequent recurrence of head-ache. He had lost nearly the use of the left eye, and experienced considerable weakness in the other, when, in 1649, he was called upon by the Government of England to reply to the *Defensio Regia* of Salmasius, a task from which, though forewarned that the utter extinction of his eyes would be the result of the undertaking, his patriotism and sense of duty would not suffer him to shrink. Nothing can, indeed, exceed the magnanimity and self-devotedness with which, notwithstanding the prediction of his medical friends, he entered upon his difficult and dangerous labour; and, when subsequently

his enemies reproached him with his blindness as a judgment from heaven, nothing perhaps in mere human composition can surpass the moral grandeur of his defence.* "When," says he,

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* "Cum datum mihi publicè esset illud in defensionem regiam negotium, eodemque tempore et adversâ simul valetudine, et oculo jam penè altero amisso, conflictarer, prædicerentque diserti medici, si hunc laborem suscepissem, fore ut utrumque brevi amitterem, nihil istâ præmonitione deterritus, non medici, nè Æsculapii quidem Epidaurii ex adyto vocem, sed divinioris cujusdam intus monitoris viderer mihi audire; duasque sortes, fatali quodem natu, jam mihi propositas, hinc cæcitatem inde officium; aut oculorum jactaram necessariò faciendam, aut summum officium deserendum: occurrebantque animo bina illa fata, quæ retulisse Delphis consulentem de se matrem narrat Thetidis filius.

Διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.
Εἰ μὲν κ' αὖθι μένων Τρώων πτόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμαι,
Ὤλετο μὲν μοι νόστος ἄταρ κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται.
Εἰ δέ κεν οἶκαδ ἵκωμαι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,
Ὤλετό μοι κλέος ἐσθλόν ἐπὶ δηρὸν δὲ μοι αἰὼν
Ἔσσεται.

"Unde sic mecum rebutabam, multos graviore malo minus bonum, morte gloriam, redemisse; mihi contrà majus bonum minore cum malo proponi: ut possem cum cæcitate solâ vel honestissimum officii munus implere; quod ut ipsa gloria per se est solidius, ita cuique optatius atque antiquius debet esse. Hac igitur tam brevi luminum usurâ, quantâ maximâ quivi cum utilitate publicâ, quoad liceret, fruendum esse statui. Videtis quid prætulerim, quid amiserim, quâ inductus ratione: desinant ergò judiciorum Dei calumniatores maledicere, deque

"the office of replying to 'the Royal Defence' was publicly assigned to me, though I had to struggle with ill health, and having already lost nearly one of my eyes, was expressly forewarned by my physicians that, if I undertook the laborious work in question, I should soon be deprived of both; undeterred by the warning, I seemed to hear the voice, not of a physician, or from the shrine of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, but of an internal and more divine monitor: and conceiving that by some decree of the fates, the alternative of two lots was proposed to me, either to lose my sight or to desert a high duty, I remembered the twin destinies, which the son of Thetis informs us his mother brought back to him from the oracle of Delphi:

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me somnia sibi fingere: sic denique habento; me sortis meæ neque pigere neque pœnitere; immotum atque fixum in sententiâ perstare; Deum iratum neque sentire, neque habere, immò maximis in rebus clementiam ejus et benignitatem erga me paternam experiri atque agnoscere; in hoc præsertim, quod solante ipso atque animum confirmante in ejus divina voluntate acquiescam; quid is largitus mihi sit quàm quid negaverit sæpius cogitans; postremo nolle me cum suo quovis rectissime facto, facti mei conscientiam permutare, aut recordationem ejus gratam mihi semper atque tranquillam deponere."

Prose Works, Symmons' Edition, vol. v. p. 216.

—— " As the goddess spake, who gave me birth,
Two fates attend me whilst I live on earth.
If fix'd I combat by the Trojan wall,
Deathless my fame, but certain is my fall;
If I return, beneath my native sky
My days shall flourish long, my glory die."

" Reflecting therefore with myself, that many had purchased less good with greater evil, and had even paid life as the price of glory, while to me, the greater good was offered at the expense of the less evil, and an opportunity furnished, simply by incurring blindness, of satisfying the demand of the most honourable duty; a result more substantial, and therefore what ought to be by every one considered as more satisfactory and more eligible than glory itself. I determined to dedicate the brief enjoyment of my eye-sight, so long as it might be spared me, with as much effect as I could to the public service. You see then what I preferred, what I sacrificed, and what were my motives. Let these slanderers of the divine judgments, therefore, desist from their calumnies, nor any longer make me the subject of their visionary fantasies; let them learn, in fine,

that I neither regret my lot nor repent my choice; that my opinions continue inflexibly the same, and that I neither feel nor fear for them the anger of God; but, on the contrary, experience and acknowledge, in the most momentous events of my life, his mercy and paternal kindness; in nothing more particularly, however, than in his having soothed and strengthened me into an acquiescence in his divine will; led me to reflect rather upon what he has bestowed than what he has withheld; and determined me to prefer the consciousness of my own achievements to the best deeds of my adversaries, and constantly to cherish the cheering and silent remembrance of them in my breast." *

The result was as had been predicted; in 1651, the year in which he published his Defensio pro Populo Anglicano, he entirely lost the use of his left eye, and the total privation of his sight, by the failure of the other, took place, it would appear, early in 1652; for when Philaras, his Athenian friend, visited him in

* Wrangham's Version of the *Defensio Secunda*, a noble translation of a noble original. Vide Wrangham's Works, vol. iii.

London, not many months after the publication of his celebrated work, he was completely blind, though but in his forty-fourth year.

With what fortitude and resignation he met and endured his misfortune, the preceding quotation has sufficiently proved; and that his sufferings during the composition of his "noble task," as he has termed it, were only exceeded by the patience and perseverance which they called forth, appears evident from what he has apologetically stated concerning himself in the very impressive preface to his Defence, where, speaking of his delicate health and failing eyes, he tells us, that he was obliged, on account of his infirmities, to work only by starts, and that what required, and which he wished to prosecute with unbroken application, he was only able to attend to for very short periods of time, and those frequently and painfully interrupted.

We can scarcely conceive, indeed, a situation more unpropitious to intellectual pursuits, or more likely to induce a state of deep despondency, than that in which Milton was placed, during the period occupied in the production of

his eloquent Defence of the People of England. Impressed with a thorough conviction of the vast importance of the duty which had been assigned him; conscious that the world was eagerly expecting the result of his labours, yet hourly sensible, at the same time, of broken health and failing eyes; and, above all, that the completion of his work was in all probability to be followed by the utter extinction of his sight, strong and peculiar must have been the support which could enable him to contend with and overcome disadvantages thus great and oppressive.

It was vouchsafed to him, however, beyond all the sons of men, in the most ample measure and degree; for, in the first place, nothing could exceed his attachment to, and enthusiasm for the cause of liberty; in whose behalf no sacrifice was deemed by him too dear or important. Of the exultation, indeed, with which he beheld the success of his endeavours in the vindication of what he conscientiously deemed just and right, notwithstanding the great personal calamity which had awaited him as its anticipated consequence, an adequate idea may be

formed from his admirable Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner, in which the heroism of the sentiment is only to be rivalled by the vigour and energy of the language in which it is conveyed. It appears, from the import of the first line, to have been written in the year 1655, the era of the commencement of the Paradise Lost.

Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman: — yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over plied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side:
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Fortified as Milton felt himself to be in the

strength and integrity of the principles on which he acted as a member of the Commonwealth, it was to his profound adoration of, and humble submission to this "better guide," to the heart-cheering conviction which he possessed, of being ever under the superintending care and love of his Almighty Father; and more peculiarly so, in consequence of his loss of sight, that we owe that cheerfulness and resignation, that sublime enthusiasm and unconquerable firmness of mind, which distinguished in so remarkable a manner the latter portion of his life.

Of his unshaken reliance on the protecting favour of Providence, as a full compensation for the misfortune which had befallen him; and of his gratitude for the mercies which he yet felt to be daily vouchsafed him, numerous and striking are the proofs which may be collected from his writings. Thus, at the close of his second epistle to Leonard Philaras, who had entreated him not to abandon all hopes of recovering his sight, after declaring that he had reconciled his mind to the calamity as to an evil admitting of no cure, he adds, in a strain of the most grate-

ful magnanimity*, "And I often reflect that, as many days of darkness, according to the wise man,† are allotted to us all, mine, which, by the singular favour of the Deity, are divided between leisure and study, are recreated by the conversation and intercourse of my friends, are far more agreeable than those deadly shades of which Solomon is speaking. But if, as it is written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God ‡,' why should not each of us likewise acquiesce in the reflexion, that he derives the benefits of sight, not from his eyes alone, but from the guidance and providence of

* "Illudque sæpe cogito, cum destinati cuique dies tenebrarum, quod monet sapiens, multi sint, meas adhuc tenebras, singulari Numinis benignitate, inter otium et studia, vocesque amicorum et salutationes, illis lethalibus multo esse natiores. Quod si, ut scriptum est, non solo pane vivet homo, sed omni verbo prodeunte per os Dei, quid est, cur quis in hoc itidem non acquiescat, non solis se oculis, sed Dei ductu an providentiâ satis oculatum esse. Sane dummodo ipse mihi prospicit, ipse mihi providet quod facit, meque per omnem vitam quasi manu ducit atque deducit, ne ego meos oculos, quandoquidem ipsi sic visum est, libens feriari jussero. Teque, mi Philara, quocunque res ceciderit, non minus forti et confirmato animo, quam si Lynceus essem, valere jubeo."

† Eccles. xi. 8. ‡ Matthew, iv. 4.

the same Supreme Being. Whilst HE looks out, and provides for me, as he does, and leads me about, as it were with his hand, through the paths of life, I willingly surrender my own faculty of vision, in conformity to his good pleasure; and, with a heart as strong and as stedfast as if I were Lynceus himself, I bid you, my Philaras, farewel!" *

That the intellectual powers of Milton were expanded and invigorated by the firm belief which he entertained, that his loss of vision was more than made up to him by gifts of a higher nature, must be the conviction of every one who has studied either his prose or his poetry. He delights to enumerate the great and good whose infliction of blindness appears to have been thus compensated, and he derives from their history a grateful and enduring source of fortitude and consolation. † "Why," says he, "should I

* Wrangham's Version in Symmons' Life of Milton. First edition, p. 335.

† "Quidni autem feram, quod unumquemque ità parare se oportet, ut si acciderit, non ægrè ferat, quod et humanitus accidere cuivis mortalium, et præstantissimis quibusdam, atque optimis omni memoriâ viris accidisse sciam: sive illos memorem, vetustatis ultimos priscos vates, ac sapientissimos; quo-

not bear a calamity, which every man's mind should be disciplined, on the contingency of its happening, to bear with patience; a calamity, to the contingency of which every man by the condition of his nature, is exposed; and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and the best of my species? Among those, I might reckon many of the wisest of the bards of remote antiquity, whose loss of sight, the Gods are said to have compensated with far more valuable endowments; and whose virtues mankind held in such veneration, as rather to choose to arraign Heaven itself of injustice, than to deem their blindness as proof of their having deserved it." *

We may, indeed, advance a step further, and affirm, that to the blindness of Milton, we are indebted for a large portion of that hallowed and exalted imagination, which has stamped upon his later poetry, a character of such peculiar and transcendent excellence; for it was the

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rum calamitatem, et dii, ut fertur, multo potioribus donis compensarunt, et homines eo honore affecerunt, ut ipsos inculpare maluerint deos, quàm cecitatem illis crimini dare."

* Wrangham's Version.

happy lot of Milton to be firmly persuaded, that, as one result of his privation of sight, he was blessed with a more intimate communication with the Deity, and that his exterior darkness was more than compensated by a mental illumination, emanating from the very Source and Fountain of light.

To the influence of this persuasion, therefore, I have no doubt, may be ascribed much of what distinguishes the poetry of Milton from that of any other writer; that more than mortal enthusiasm, as it were; that fervour, approaching to inspiration; that meekness, tenderness, and sublimity of devotion, which seems to conduct us, as by assured and steady steps, to the throne of God himself!

For it should be recollected, that the *profession* of this belief, of this peculiar favour of Heaven vouchsafed to the blind, is not with Milton the impulse of a merely heated imagination, but is insisted upon in his prose works, with an earnestness and seriousness of assertion which cannot but be attributed to satisfied and absolute conviction. Than the following passage from the Defensio Secunda, nothing can

indeed be more full and declaratory of his opinion on the subject; nor, in point of energy of language, or awful grandeur of sentiment, is it inferior, more especially in its close, to any portion of his works, not even excepting his celebrated address to Light, in the opening of the third book of Paradise Lost.

* "I feel it no source of anguish," he remarks, "to be associated with the blind, the afflicted, the infirm, and the mourners; since I may thus hope, that I am more immediately under the favour and protection of my dread Father. The way to the greatest strength, an Apostle has assured us, lies through weakness:

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* "Ego cæcis afflictis mœrentibus imbecillis tametsi vos id miserum ducitis aggregari me discrucior; quando quidem spes est, eo me propriùs ad misericordiam summi Patris atque tutelam pertinere. Est quoddam per imbecillitatem præcunte apostolo ad maximas vires iter: sim ego debilissimus; dummodo in mea debilitate immortalis ille et melior vigor eo se efficacius exerat; dummodo in meis tenebris divini vultus lumen eo clarius eluceat, tum enim infirmissimus ero simul et validissimus cæcus eodem tempore et perspicacissimus; hac possim ego infirmitate consummari, hac perfici possim in hac obscuritate sic ego irradiari. Et sane haud ultima Dei cura cæci sumus; qui nos quo minus quicquam aliud præter ipsum cernere valemus, eo clementius atque benignius respicere dignatur.

let me then be of all men the weakest, provided that immortal and better vigour exert itself with an efficacy proportioned to my infirmity, provided the light of God's countenance shine with intense brilliance upon my darkness. Then shall I at once be most feeble and most mighty, completely blind and thoroughly sharp-sighted. O may this weakness insure my consummation, my perfection; and my illumination arise out of this obscurity. In truth, we blind men are not the lowest objects of the care of Providence, who deigns to look upon us with the greater affection and benignity, as we are incapable of looking upon any thing but himself. *Woe to those that mock or hurt us, protected as we are, and almost consecrated from human injuries, by the ordinances and favour of the Deity; and involved in darkness, not so much from the imperfection of our optic powers, as from the shadow of the Creator's wings — a darkness, which he frequently irradiates with an inner and far superior light?*" *

This is a quotation which certainly unveils

* Wrangham's Version. Vide Works, vol. iii.

the mind and creed of Milton on the topic of his blindness, in a manner more clear and decisive than any other passage which can be extracted from his writings; and it leads irresistibly to the conclusion, that, however deplorable, in a merely personal and domestic point of view, his privation may be deemed, it was nevertheless essentially contributive to the perfectibility of his genius as the poet of Paradise Lost.

The same inference, indeed, will be drawn from the exquisite opening of the third book of this inimitable poem; an exordium which, as not only in itself exhibiting an almost unparallelled degree of pathos and beauty, but as giving additional strength to the deductions flowing from the preceding quotation, it would be unpardonable on such a topic not to bring forward, however familiar it may be to the memory of my readers. More especially do I wish for its introduction here, as a counterpart to Ossian's Address to the Sun, quoted in a previous paper, and which, estimable as it is both for tenderness and sublimity, is undoubtedly surpassed in both by these admirable lines of Milton.

Assuredly, if ever human hatred dropped its purpose through the influence of the lyre, political enmity itself must have lost its rancour whilst listening to these strains!

Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal, coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure etherial stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou

Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mœonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

During the time, however, which elapsed between the appearance of his Defence of the People of England and the Death of Cromwell, a period including the publication of his Second Defence, and the composition of the third book of Paradise Lost, Milton, we must recollect, though blind, and an object of unqualified abuse to the opposite party, was yet on the triumphant side of the question, and had acquired the most extensive literary celebrity as the result of his contest with Salmasius. His Reply to this champion of the unfortunate Charles, was, he tells us, circulated throughout Europe with the utmost avidity, and no ambassador from any state or sovereign ever met him in London, even by chance, without congratulations on his success, or without expressing a wish either to visit him, or to be visited by him. His blind-

ness, too, served but to increase the kindness and assiduities of his friends, some of whom he avers might be said to vie with Theseus and Pylades in the warmth and sincerity of their attachment.* "Nay, our principal public characters," he proceeds to observe, "knowing that my sight had forsaken me, not in a state of torpid activity, but while I was strenuously encountering every peril among the foremost in behalf of liberty, do not themselves forsake me: on the contrary, from a view of the uncertainty of all human things, they are kind to me on account of my past services, and obligingly indulge me with an exemption from farther labours; not stripping me of my honours, not taking away my appointment, not curtailing its emoluments; but humanely continuing them to

* "Quin et summi quoque in republica viri quando quidem non otio torpentem me, sed impigrum et summa discrimina pro libertate inter primos adeuntem oculi deseruerunt, ipsi non deserunt; verum humana qualia sint secum reputantes, tanquam emerito favent, indulgent vacationem atque otium facile concedunt; si quid ex ea re commodi, non minuunt; et quamvis non æque nunc utili præbendum nihilo minus benigne censent; eodem plane honore, ac si, ut olim Atheniensibus mos erat, in Prytaneo alendum decrevissent."

me, in my state of reduced utility, with precisely the same compliment as the Athenians formerly paid to those, to whom they assigned a subsistence in the Prytaneum." *

Thus admired, beloved, and honoured, and conscious too, at the same time, of the integrity and singleness of his own heart, we behold Milton, with interest and veneration indeed, but without any great degree of surprise, sustaining with perfect magnanimity, the taunts of his enemies, and the privation of his eyes; but the time was fast approaching, when stript of all save the approval of his own conscience, he was to become the victim of almost every varied misery that public rage and domestic inquietude could produce; when with a modern writer, apostrophising the spirit of the poet, we may interrogatively exclaim,

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day;
How, when "depress'd by age, beset with wrongs;"
When "fallen on evil days and evil tongues;"

* Wrangham's Version.

When Darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light:
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save Memory and the Muse?*

It is at the era of the Restoration, indeed, when Milton was not only blind, but poor, and aged, and forsaken, persecuted both within doors and without, and in danger of an ignominious death, that he comes before us most truly the object of our holiest love and deepest admiration. His best and dearest friends, for whose safety he hourly felt the deepest interest and anxiety, were dispersed and suffering under every possible calamity; and he was himself obliged, in order to preserve his life from the malevolence of faction and the frenzy of the populace, to hide his head in the obscurest corner of the city, where nevertheless the roar of intoxication and the shouts of his exulting enemies, perpetually broke in upon his peace.

Nor when the first fury of the storm had abated, and he once more returned to society,

* Mason's Ode to Memory.

were his sufferings for a length of time less harasing or poignant; for, though the vengeance of the law no longer threatened his existence, he had every reason, from what had recently happened to some of the former strenuous defenders of the commonwealth, to dread the dagger of the assassin; an apprehension, indeed, formidable to any one, from the difficulty of guarding against the attack, but which when occurring to an individual sightless and in solitude, might well, as we are told it did in the case of Milton,* deprive his nights of rest.

He had also, as a patriot, to lament the failure of all his efforts for the welfare of his fellow citizens; for that Milton, whatever may be thought of his political theories, had the good of his country solely at heart, uninfluenced either by personal or party considerations, there cannot be the smallest doubt. If ever truth, guileless and untainted, dwelt in the frame of man, it was resident in the breast of Milton; and who, after contemplating with an unprejudiced eye the entire tenor of his days, will

* Vide Richardson's Remarks on Milton, p. 94 et p. 291.

hesitate to give full credence to the following awful declaration?

"I call thee, O God, to witness, who 'triest the very heart and the reins,' that after a frequent and most serious examination and scrutiny of every corner of my life, I am not conscious of any recent or remote crime, which, by its atrocity, can have drawn down this calamity (of blindness), exclusively on my head. As to what I have at any time written, (for, in reference to this, the royalists triumphantly deem my blindness a sort of judgment;) I declare, with the same solemn appeal to the Almighty, that I never wrote any thing of the kind alluded to, which I did not at the time, and do not now, firmly believe to have been right and true, and acceptable to God; and that, impelled not by ambition, or the thirst of gain or of glory, but simply by duty and honour and patriotism." *

What then, must not Milton have endured from the hypocritical ambition of the republican in the first place, and from the licentious vices and degrading servility of the ultra-royalist on

* Defensio Secunda.—Wrangham's Version.

the other; factions which had alike injured and undermined the constitutional liberties of his country. To the misery which the one party had already brought on the nation, and to the disgrace which the other was now inflicting on its character, he has alluded in the following pathetic lines, which glance in the most affecting manner at his own personal misfortunes and endangered existence; and which appear, indeed, to have been written at the very period when the festivities of infatuated triumph, when the accents of riot and debauchery were yet sounding in his ears: orgies which, even had they issued from a friendly quarter, had been discord to the temperate habits and lofty spirit of the indignant bard. Yet, even then could he say,—

—— I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
P. L. Book vii.

Severe, however, and distressing as were the evils to which Milton, as a public character, was now subjected, they were exceeded by those which he had to endure in the privacy of domestic life. The happiness of man is necessarily, in a great measure, dependant on the degree and permanency of home-felt comfort; on the daily and hourly interchange of those attentions which spring from family affection and social kindness; and he who has to encounter the insults and persecutions of an unfeeling world, naturally turns to his own roof as to a shelter from the storm, as to the spot where love and sympathy are ever watching to welcome and console him. But for Milton, alas! and at the very period, too, when most he stood in need of

pity and protection, there was no such asylum to be found. We learn, in fact, from the depositions accompanying his lately discovered will, that at the era of the Restoration, and until he married his third and last lady in 1662, his domestic life was rendered miserable by the conduct of his ungrateful children.

It is impossible, indeed, to read the evidence arising from the litigation of this oral testament, without deeply and painfully commiserating the situation of the unhappy poet, who in the very portion of his life in which he has alone been deemed harsh or unamiable, is now proved to have been a meek and patient sufferer. When we are told by the witnesses, on this occasion, that his children "were careless of him being blind," and that "they made nothing of deserting him;" that they stole his books, and sold them in the most open and shameful manner; that they combined with, and recommended his maid servant to cheat him in her marketings; and that Mary, the second of these daughters, on being informed that her father was about to marry, replied "that that was noe news to heare of his wedding, but if shee

could heare of his death that were something;" when we are told these things, and learn too, that he was under the necessity of appealing to his own servants against their cruelty, and at the moment when his heart was wrung with anguish at their conduct, he forbore to apply any other epithet to them than that of his "unkind children;" how poignantly must we feel for the domestic misery of the hapless and the injured bard, and how forcibly are brought before us, the sorrows and the resignation of the Christian and the poet.

It was whilst thus suffering from the base and barbarous treatment of his unnatural daughters*, and just previous to his last marriage, that he wrote his Sampson Agonistes; and the following passage, the most gloomy and distressingly pathetic of all his allusions to his loss of sight, was no doubt intended by the poet as a faithful picture of himself and of his wrongs, during this disastrous period of his existence.

* It should be recollected however, that Deborah, his youngest and favourite daughter, was at this time but nine years old, and can scarcely therefore be implicated in this charge.

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
— — — — — I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.—
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;—
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

That against privations and disadvantages, great and apparently overwhelming as were these, blind, infirm, ill-treated, and forsaken, the intellectual vigour of Milton should have struggled with such success, as to have carried on, during

their operation, the noblest work which ever issued from uninspired man, is one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the human mind; for it was precisely in the years elapsing between the death of his second wife in 1655, and his entering again into the conjugal state in 1662, the most forlorn and wretched portion of his days, that the greater part of his Paradise Lost was written!

What a magnificent and sublime idea of mental energy and fortitude breaks in upon us from this occurrence in the life of Milton! and how do the sufferings of *Homer* and of *Ossian* disappear when contrasted with those of our immortal countryman! The Grecian bard, though blind, and perhaps, poor, appears to have passed, notwithstanding, lightly and cheerily on his path, honoured and admired by the monarchs and the nobles of his land; and though Ossian had fallen from his high estate, and, sightless and in years, was left the sole surviving mourner of his princely house; yet had he enjoyed the love, and gloried in the celebrity of his children; yet was he still the object of a nation's praise, not only as the first of bards,

but as among the first of heroes, and even to the tomb of his fathers was he accompanied by beauty and affection.

Whilst Milton who had voluntarily sacrificed his eye-sight on what he esteemed the altar of his country's good; whose mind was the chosen seat of all that is tender, holy, and sublime; and at the very period, too, when he was occupied in the construction of a work which has conferred an ever-during honour on the land which gave him birth, stood stript apparently of every human comfort, the mark of public outrage and of private wrong! and who, when he had but just escaped the sanguinary vengeance of triumphant party, had to feel at home, the spot to which he had once fondly looked for sympathy and peace,

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!

Yet even for Milton at this unhappy period of his life, and forsaken as he seemed to be by man, there was a consolation left beyond all human power to give or take away; for he felt

himself to be, and I have no doubt really was, under the especial care of Heaven. The shadow of his Creator's wings was around him, and though to outward view, he sate immured in gloom, a spectacle of suffering and of sorrow; yet did the light of hope and faith burn strong and bright within him,

> And thence "the nightly Visitant," that came
> To touch his bosom with her sacred flame.*

Nor though political enmity, the most rancorous perhaps of all human prejudices, threw over the mighty name of Milton, whilst yet alive, a veil of hatred and of obloquy, were there wanting, even then, some great, and good, and liberal spirits, who loved and honoured and admired the man, and who beheld him in the storm that wrecked his peace, though not devoid of error, yet exhibiting the unconquerable mind and upright heart.

Yes, in the *prophetic* eye of genius and of generous freedom did Milton close his race in glory; and now, when the clouds of faction and licentiousness which perturbed the air he

* Mason's Ode to Memory.

breathed, are passed away, in what a lovely and endearing light appears the injured bard! To *Homer*, sightless and in years, to *Ossian* dark, and mournful and forlorn, the sigh of sympathy belongs; but for *Milton*, the divine and hallowed Milton, the sport of evil days and evil tongues, blind, and aged, and forsaken, persecuted by his country, and deserted by his children, an added tear must fall!

No. XXI.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
The *George* and *Garter* dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies,—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

POPE.*

MR. Walsingham found the once mighty and puissant Buckingham, the once gay and gallant

* In these celebrated lines, and in the comment upon them in many of the editions of the poet, there are some deviations

Villiers, meanly lodged in a small house in the market-place of Kirby-Moorside. The chamber in which he had been placed was dark and

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from fact. The house in which the Duke expired was never used as an inn; but was, as I have represented it in my narrative, originally inhabited by one of his Grace's tenants. It is still standing in the market-place of Kirby-Moorside; and if not now, was some years ago, occupied by a respectable shop-keeper, of the name of Atkinson. Pope, it may be observed, mentions "the floors of plaster;" but the room in which tradition records the Duke to have died, is a chamber; the same deal floor remains, and it is still shown to the curious.

In a note on the couplet relative to the Countess of Shrewsbury, it is stated, that the Duke killed the Earl of Shrewsbury, the husband of this too celebrated woman, in a duel, and that the Countess, in the habit of a page, held the Duke's horse during the combat. This latter piece of information, however, is an exaggeration; for Mr. Hinderwell assures us, that the circumstances attending the transaction, were as follow: — that the Duke, having shamefully boasted of the success of his amours, and cruelly insulted the Earl with his misfortune, provoked him to send a challenge. They agreed to fight at Barn-Elms, in the presence of two gentlemen, whom they appointed their seconds. They fought with swords, and all four engaged at the same time. The first thrust proved fatal to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was a feeble diminutive person, unfit for such a contest; but the Earl's friend killed the Duke's second at the same instant. Buckingham, elated with his victory, hastened to the Countess at Cliefden, where he boasted of the murder of her husband, whose blood he showed her upon his sword, as a trophy of his prowess."

History of Scarborough, p. 347., note.

dirty, and on a bed whose furniture was in rags, lay stretched the unhappy object of his visit, deserted by all his companions, and, with the exception of the man who had been sent to Rivaulx, unattended by a single servant. Bodily disease and mental agitation had given

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It may be necessary also to observe that the account which has been given in the General Biographical Dictionary, of the interment of the Duke in Westminster Abbey, cannot be correct; for in a letter from the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Hamilton, to a friend, and which is printed in Maty's Review, vol. iv. p. 425. it is mentioned, that "the Earl passing through Kirby-Moorside, attended accidentally the Duke's last moments; that he died April 16. 1687, aged sixty; and having no person to direct his funeral, and the Earl being obliged to pursue his journey, he engaged —— Gibson, Esq., (a gentleman of fortune, at Welburne, near Kirby-Moorside), to see him decently interred;" a statement which is corroborated by the existing register of the parish, from which the following, is a literal extract.

"Burials,

1687, April 17th, Gorges Vilars Lord dooke of Bookingam."

From want of a stone, however, it is not known in what part of the church-yard the remains of this unhappy nobleman are deposited.

I will only add, that I have endeavoured to incorporate with my narrative, most of the authentic particulars of the death of the Duke of Buckingham, which have been recorded, either in his various biographies, or in the above mentioned letter of the Earl of Arran.

to his countenance an expression so squalid and ghastly, that it was with some difficulty Mr. Walsingham could recognize, in features thus shrunk and faded, any traces of the former spirited and princely Buckingham. Beside him, on a broken table, lay the implements of writing he had used but a few hours before, an effort to which, from the rapidly increasing progress of his distemper, he was now no longer competent. He was able, however, to rise in his bed as Mr. Walsingham approached; and, extending his hand towards him, he exclaimed in a trembling voice, and with a look in which humility, shame, and gratitude, were strongly expressed: "this is kindness; this is, indeed, Christian forgiveness! Oh, Mr. Walsingham, to what a state of misery and wretchedness do you see me reduced! forsaken not only by the associates of my vice and folly, a desertion, of which, indeed, I ought not to complain; but, save yourself, by all that is good and respectable in society. How then can I sufficiently thank you, on whom I have so lately endeavoured to inflict the most serious of injuries, for this unspeakable act of mercy

and benevolence. O tell me, sir, if my poor unfortunate boy be still alive, if I have yet escaped the horrible destiny of adding to the black catalogue of my crimes, that of being the murderer of my child?"

"Your son, my lord, is still alive," replied Mr. Walsingham, "and not only so, but better; and, I trust, likely to recover." "And does he not look with abhorrence on the author of his being, does he not curse the memory of his wretched father?" "He is still ignorant of his parents," returned Mr. Walsingham; "but were the nature of his affinity to your Grace made known to him, I am certain, such is the goodness of his disposition, and such the rectitude of his feelings, that, however shocked and heart-broken he might be by the discovery, the malediction you allude to, would be the last thing to issue from his lips, or even to enter into his mind." "Thank God!" exclaimed the Duke, clasping his hands with convulsive energy, while he appeared to be addressing a silent prayer to Heaven.

The composure which followed this effort, induced Mr. Walsingham to enquire, if his

Grace did not think himself capable of being removed to a situation in which he could be better accommodated, offering at the same time, every assistance for this purpose which lay in his power. "I could wish," answered the Duke, "if my strength would allow of it, to be removed to Bishop-hill; I could there be attended by my old and faithful servant, Brian Fairfax; but what," he added, "does it signify, where the guilty Buckingham ends a loathed and despicable life? Is not this miserable room good enough for the man who has lavished an almost regal property on fools and knaves, on the ministers of vice and folly, and who is now stript even of the means of shielding from poverty his own unfortunate child. Oh, Mr. Walsingham, that I had but now a few of the many thousands which I have employed to no other purpose than that of injuring society and destroying my own peace of mind!"

"I do indeed most sincerely wish, my lord," returned Mr. Walsingham, "that the wealth which Providence entrusted to your care had been better disposed of; but as to Edward, I can with pleasure assure you, that he is not

likely to suffer from any want of pecuniary resources; he has been hitherto amply supplied by the affectionate care of his mother." "Alas! to what a depth of misery," interrupted the Duke, "has not my fondness for that fascinating woman reduced me? The blood of her murdered Lord sits heavy on my soul! Yes, even now, Mr. Walsingham," he added, struggling with the violence of his own emotions, "even now is he before me palpable as when he fell beneath my sword!" As he uttered these words, his eyes seemed to follow with an expression of indescribable horror, some obscure and fleeting object; and in a few moments, sighing deeply, he sunk apparently lifeless on his pillow.

It was but the temporary exhaustion of oppressed nature, and he soon awoke to a sense of renewed misery. He looked, however, more composed; and Mr. Walsingham, gladly seized the opportunity of placing before him the doctrines, the duties, and the consolations of religion. The result was such as every good man would wish; he became calm, tranquil, and even resigned, and though gradually getting

weaker, he was left by his friend in the evening, after promising to see him on the succeeding day, in a frame of mind much better prepared for the change about to take place, than could have been surmised from the tenor of his past life.

Mr. Walsingham had taken care to dispatch the same servant who had been sent to Rivaulx immediately for Mr. Brian Fairfax, who reached Kirby the following evening; he found the Duke fast declining, yet he knew him, looked earnestly at him, but could not speak. A few questions were then put by this gentleman to one of the bystanders, a person of apparent respectability, (for curiosity, or a better motive, had by this time attracted some of the neighbouring gentry to the chamber of the dying nobleman,) as to what had been done, and if his Grace had intimated any wish or direction previous to his loss of speech. He was then informed, that Mr. Walsingham, of Rivaulx, had been with him that morning and the preceding day; and that to him he had probably unfolded his mind, but that to some questions

which had been lately asked him concerning his estates, he had, either from inability or aversion to the subject, returned no answer.

As he appeared, however, somewhat revived shortly after Mr. Fairfax's arrival, he was asked by one of the persons who stood near him, if he would have a Roman Catholic priest; to which he answered with great vehemence, "No, no!" and seemed greatly disturbed and indignant at the question having been put. Mr. Fairfax then approached him, and taking him affectionately by the hand, enquired, if he would have the minister sent for; to which he calmly replied, "Yes, pray send for him; send for Mr. Walsingham," a request which was instantly complied with.

It had been, indeed, the expressed wish of that gentleman to be immediately sent for, in case the Duke should so far recover as to ask to see him, and he therefore hastened to his assistance on the first intelligence of his revival. By his bed-side he found, to his great surprise, the Earl of Arran, who accidentally passing through Kirby-Moorside, had been informed of the melancholy situation of his Grace, and very

humanely determined to pay him every attention in his power. By this nobleman was Mr. Walsingham received with great respect; and the latter perceiving the Duke perfectly sensible, and at the same time desirous of every spiritual aid, he performed the office enjoined by the church, his Grace devoutly attending to it, and receiving the sacrament with every mark of contrition. Exhausted, however, by the effort, he soon again became speechless, and, after lingering for a few hours, expired on the night of the 15th April, 1687.

The Earl having witnessed the last moments of the penitent sufferer, and being obliged to pursue his journey, took his leave of Mr. Walsingham, but not without expressing his admiration of his conduct towards the deceased nobleman, and his regret at not being able to afford him further aid; but adding, that he should call, in his way, on his friend Mr. Gibson of Welburne, near Kirby, who would, he was certain, from his representation, very willingly give him every assistance that might be required, in seeing the once splendid, but now almost deserted Buckingham, decently interred.

The funeral, in fact, took place two days after the departure of the Earl of Arran, and the remains of the Duke were followed to an humble and undistinguished grave in the churchyard of Kirby Moorside, by the only person, perhaps, who, from any sentiment of past regard, could drop a tear upon his tomb, his old and faithful servant, Brian Fairfax! affording an awful and memorable proof of the nothingness of all human wealth and power, when, as in this instance, unaccompanied by any operating sense of virtue and religion.

From the contemplation of this painful and humiliating scene, let us now, once more, turn our attention to the cottage of the Rye, where Edward, under the directing influence of Mr. Walsingham, aided, as it was, by the soothing and affectionate attentions of Adeline, was slowly but effectually recovering from the consequences of his late disaster.

It was difficult, indeed, to ascertain to which of these parties his convalescence was the object of most solicitude; for Mr. Walsingham, who had ever kept up a regular correspondence with the Countess of Shrewsbury, had been from

recent events, very importunately urged by that lady for admission to her son; an interview which he had hitherto sedulously endeavoured to prevent, justly apprehensive, that the emotion which must necessarily arise from the recognition of his parentage, might, under his then circumstances of fever and excitement, prove, if not suddenly fatal, at least imminently dangerous. He had promised, however, that, as soon as his health would with safety admit of it, he would no longer be an obstacle to their meeting; and he was now, importuned as he had been by the almost daily solicitations of the Countess, anxiously awaiting the period when he might, without risque to the son, gratify the inclinations of the mother.

It was not long after the death of the Duke before this period arrived, when it was deemed necessary, as a delicate and preparatory step, that Edward should learn the history of his birth from the lips of his guardian.

The communication was made in the manner least likely to wound his feelings; but many of the circumstances connected with the Duke's intrigue with Lady Shrewsbury, had been mat-

ters of such public notoriety, that even secluded as Edward had been from all intercourse with general society, it was scarcely possible he should be ignorant of them; and the astonishment, therefore, the indignation and distress of the poor youth, when he learnt who his parents were, may be more readily imagined than described. The recollection, however, of his having been mercifully saved from the guilt of patricide; the knowledge that his father's death-bed, however cheerless and forlorn as to all human comforts, had not been altogether unvisited by those consolations which religion holds forth to sincere, though tardy, contrition; the assurance repeatedly given him by Mr. Walsingham, that his mother had been long and truly repentant of the crime which had stained her youth, and precipitated her husband to an early grave; contributed in a great measure to mitigate the bitterness of the discovery, and to prepare his mind for an interview which would otherwise have been, on every account, and in the highest degree, painful and humiliating.

Lady Shrewsbury had been one of the most beautiful and interesting women of the gay and

voluptuous court of Charles the Second; and though shame and sorrow more than time, had committed many ravages, both on her person and features, she was yet graceful with regard to the former, and in the latter still retained many traces of that fascinating expression which had laid the foundation of her earliest misfortunes. She had been now nearly ten years married to her second husband, George Rodney Bridges, son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keinsham Abbey, in Somersetshire; a connexion which, from the respectability of this gentleman, offered to the world no mean proof of the reformed character of the Countess.

By this marriage she had a son, who was destined to survive her nearly half a century*, and, as it was known to few that she had ever had a child by the Duke of Buckingham, and of these all, save Mr. Walsingham, and one or

* For some account of the family of Bridges, and their connexions, see Censura Literaria, vol. ii. pp. 338—339. It is here said, that this son of the Countess of Shrewsbury "by her last husband, lived at Avington, near Winchester, which city he long represented in Parliament, and dying in 1751, aged 72, left his estates to his remote cousin, the late Duke of Chandos."

two more, believed him to be dead, it became desirable for her present domestic comfort and peace of mind, and in proportion as it seemed likely to be effected, that, considering the circumstances which had accompanied her connexion with the Duke, this result of their amour might remain as much as possible a secret.

She had, therefore, when informed of Mr. Walsingham's intended migration to Wales, and more especially since the death of the Duke had deprived her of some delusive hopes of patronage which she had long cherished through his means in favour of Edward, not only highly approved of the plan, but gave every facility which laid in her power to its prompt and effectual execution. It had been her earnest wish, as we have just observed, ever since the indisposition of Edward, to procure an interview with him, and now that his departure from Rivaulx was fixed upon, and she had also learnt, from questioning Mr. Walsingham, that he had often suffered much from the mystery which hung over his birth, she not only gave a commission to that gentleman for an immediate disclosure, but hastened with all the fond affec-

tion of a mother to meet him, convinced from what she knew of the education and disposition of Edward, that the step she was about to take would lead to nothing intrusive or imprudent on his part.

It had been, indeed, the peculiar wish of Edward, ever since he had learnt to whom he owed his being, to avoid, as much as possible, all recognition of his origin by the world. He felt no pride or pleasure in his affinity to rank, when sullied by the stains of guilt; and though he looked forward, therefore, with regret at the idea of leaving the beautiful scenery of Rivaulx, yet he beheld the hour approach without a murmur, when, after his interview with Lady Shrewsbury should be past, he might commence that journey, which would, in all probability, place him beyond the reach of curiosity and enquiry; an exemption which he had every day more and more reason to apprehend, was no longer to be hoped for even in the secluded vallies of the Rye.

To be allowed to assume the name of Walsingham; to be tacitly considered as the relative of that wise and good man; to be the stay

and consolation of his old age, and to share this soothing office with Adeline Lluellyn, were now the objects nearest to his heart. Yet did he feel no common interest and anxiety at the idea of an approaching meeting with her, who, however criminal in many respects had been her conduct, had watched, with tenderness, his infant years, and had placed him under the protection of one who had, in every point of view, proved himself so admirably calculated to discharge the noblest duties of instruction and example.

It was towards the middle of May, and about a month after the decease of the Duke of Buckingham, that one morning, as the family was sitting down to breakfast, the expected carriage drove up to the cottage of the Rye, and the same lady who had fifteen years before brought Edward a mere child to the spot, re-entered the humble dwelling of the man who had snatched her and her infant from a premature grave, and who had formed the offspring of her unfortunate attachment for all that virtue could approve, or partial fondness could suggest.

Agitated, pale, and trembling, she was con-

ducted by Mr. Walsingham into his study, and here, after an interesting preparatory conversation of a few minutes, Edward was allowed to attend her.

Much as the Countess had heard from his guardian of the person and manners of her son, yet had she formed to herself no idea of him so pleasing and prepossessing as that which his entrance now conveyed. It was true he was pale, and somewhat emaciated, the consequences of his late indisposition, but these even added to the expression of feeling and sensibility that at all times marked his countenance, but which were now most powerfully excited; and, as he bent the knee before her, she thought she had never, even in the most polished ranks of society, beheld form or features more impressive.

Nor was Edward less surprised and affected by the sight of her whom he had almost involuntarily associated with the thought of broken vows and licentious passion. There was, in fact, in the present appearance of Lady Shrewsbury, much that might have won upon the pity of a perfect stranger, so humiliated and heart-

broken did she stand in the presence of a son, whom she well knew must, as well from the very tenor of his education, as from the sense of degradation accompanying his birth, have passed a bitter and unqualified censure on her former conduct. It was, indeed, this unquestionable proof of self-conviction, this mixture of shame, remorse, and tenderness, that alternately flushed and rendered pale the yet beautiful though faded features of the Countess, which disarmed Edward of every harsh or ungracious feeling; and which, while she wept over him with unrestrained affection, suffered no other emotions to touch his breast, save those of filial love and generous compassion.

Anxiously and apprehensively, in short, as the meeting had, in many respects, been contemplated by both parties, its result was in the highest degree soothing and consolatory to each. To Edward it had presented a mother, whose image, penitent, affectionate, and tender, would, though durable as life itself, no longer recur mingled with any dark or revolting association; and to the Countess it had brought the blest assurance, that the child whose earliest infancy

she had tended, and which sorrow had but the more endeared to her, would never curse his erring mother, but, as he breathed a prayer for her forgiveness in another world, would drop a tear to her memory in this.

Reluctantly, therefore, and as a matter of stern necessity, did they submit to that separation which imperious circumstances demanded. It was in all probability to separate for ever, and Nature, just restored to those feelings which constitute her best and purest enjoyments, felt the disruption with proportionate pain.

It was not, however, until every thing had been arranged for a future correspondence, and her Ladyship had seen and admired, and approved, the lovely and innocent Adeline, that Edward and the too celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury parted — to meet no more!

It now merely remained, to carry into execution the plan which had been formed by Mr. Walsingham for their residence in Wales; but this was a task accompanied by so many natural sorrows and regrets, that anxious as Edward had been on some accounts for the expedition, it was entered upon, even by him, with great

reluctancy, and only after many delays. By Mr. Walsingham himself, who was returning to his native land, it could not be contemplated without pain; for he had long become attached to the beautiful scenery of the Rye, and the hours which he had passed within its bosom, had been those of literary ease and calm enjoyment. It seemed, however, a necessary step; for, in consequence of the incidents which had lately occured, curiosity and enquiry were on the wing; and even setting aside the delicacy which was due to the Countess from the character of her new connections, he well knew that Edward's peace of mind, exquisitely sensitive as he had experienced it to be on the subject, would be perpetually liable to be broken in upon by the breath of calumny, and the whispers of detraction. He endeavoured, therefore, as much as possible, to reconcile his young friends to the pilgrimage they were about to undertake; representing to Edward, independent of the vexations to which he was himself aware he should be frequently exposed in his present situation, the deference which he owed to the wishes of his mother, and recalling to

the affectionate heart of Adeline, the gratification which, in his dying moments, Llewellyn had seemed to feel from his knowledge of their intention to retire to Wales.

To Edward, whose chief delight had been for years to roam unrestrained through the glens and woods of Rivaulx, to trace the windings of its rapid stream, or wandering at eve among the ruins of its ancient Abbey, to mark with wistful eyes the last faint glories of the setting sun, the separation was like that of parting with a dear and trusted friend; nor could Adeline forget, that, in all human probability, she should never again retrace the green valleys of Rosedale, or revisit the hallowed turf where slept the remains of her beloved parents. This last idea was peculiarly distressing to her; for, though a walk of some miles distant from Rivaulx, she might be said to have almost haunted the beautiful little burial ground of Kirkdale, where, in conformity to a Welsh custom, which she had often heard her father praise, she had planted round the graves of Llewellyn and Adeline, all the flowers and sweet-scented shrubs which the season could afford; and who, she

thought, when I am gone, will tend these lovely flowers, or, when they shall have withered on the turf they now adorn, shall replace them with an added tear?

It was after an excursion of this kind, on an evening at the close of May, that returning to the cottage of the Rye, she re-entered it by the little book-room of Mr. Walsingham, the door of which stood invitingly open to the lawn. It was empty, and fatigued by the length of her walk, she sate herself down to inhale the freshness of the breeze, which, murmuring through a group of lilacs, bore their delicious perfume to her senses, and, after waving lightly, as it passed, her clustered hair, now heavy with the dew of evening, sighed as it swept round the apartment.

The melody was sweet but sad; and as, lost in reverie, she sate listening to its varied undulations, they rose suddenly commingled with other, and with dearer tones; for the gale had stolen to the harp of Lluellyn, where it lay reclined against the wall; it had breathed upon its softest chords, it had awakened its most plaintive sounds; — they came to the ear of Adeline

like the voice of the departed, and she burst into tears!

The incident, though unimportant in itself, was long remembered by Adeline with a deep and mournful delight; it had sunk into her very heart; and when time had, in some measure, softened the bitterness of her sorrow, but while it had yet left the lily unmingled on her cheek, it was a sweet and soothing employment to memoralize her feelings on this occasion, to record them in the charm of numbers, to adapt these to one of the most simple and touching of her Welsh airs, and to call them by the endearing title of

THE HARP OF LLUELLYN.

'Twas not thy voice, sweet breath of Even;
Those plaintive notes came not from thee;
My Father, borne on gales from heaven,
Hath touched yon murmuring harp for me.

Yes, Bard beloved! still dear thou art,
As when I led thy step with sighs:
Dear as the streams that warm this heart,
Dear as the light that cheers these eyes!

My friends! they mark my anguish deep,
And ask, as tears my grief betray,
Why art thou sad, why dost thou weep?
O Daughter of Lluellyn, say.

And canst thou, Edward, ask with them
Why fades from this wan cheek its glow—
The storms that crush the noble stem,
How shall they spare the budding bough?

The day of their departure at length arrived, when the valley of the Rye, its humble but endeared cottage, its woods, its waters, and its ruins, were to be exchanged for the wilds of Snowden, or the green recesses of Mona. It was a day of undissembled sorrow to the peasantry of Rivaulx; they had venerated the character of Mr. Walsingham; they had daily, indeed, and almost hourly, been benefited by his kindness, his charity, his advice, and they felt that they had lost in him the protection of a common parent. Edward also, though somewhat shy and reserved, had, from the mildness and benevolence of his disposition, been a general favourite; but for Adeline, who had been with them not a twelvemonth, there had been felt an attachment,

whose rapid growth could only be accounted for from the peculiarities of her situation, combined as they were with singular beauty of person, and as singular sweetness of temper, and simplicity of address. There is always to be found in the artless and unsophisticated breast, a natural leaning towards what is tender and romantic, and Adeline had come amongst them, and had continued to keep alive their interest, in the way best calculated to impress their feelings. She had at first appeared a lovely and innocent boy, the guide and only remaining child of a poor and blind old man, a minstrel, white with age, yet of language and manners beyond his seeming station. And when, soon after, it was discovered that she had assumed the habiliments of the other sex, in order only that she might more effectually and securely discharge her filial duties, the compassion which had been before awakened, was now mingled with and heightened by love and admiration, emotions to which, the death of Llwellyn, a character which, though beyond their comprehension, had often called forth their wonder and esteem, the attachment of

Edward, and, above all, the licentious persecution of Buckingham had powerfully contributed.

They followed, therefore, their friends and benefactors for several miles on their road, and when they were, at length, compelled to part, to turn and bid them farewel, perhaps for ever, their grief was such as completely to show how much their hearts had been won. To most of them, along with much good advice, little remembrances and commissions had been given; and, among the rest, Adeline had engaged a beautiful girl about twelve years of age, to visit monthly the tomb of Llwellyn, to see that its turf was kept neat and untouched, and to cherish and renew the flowers and plants which covered and surrounded it; promising that, when she returned, the little pension she had now conferred should be increased, in proportion to the care and attention which had been shown.

It was the wish of Mr. Walsingham, on entering the Isle of Anglesea, to visit the tomb of his parents at Pentrathmon, thence to pass on to Llanvechell, and to close his pilgrimage near the once princely halls of Aberfraw.

He had, as he had fully expected, found at the two former of these places, no relative surviving, and he, therefore, after a few days mournfully, though not ungratefully occupied, in retracing the scenes of his infancy and youth, proceeded to Aberfraw.

Here, no sooner had it been made known that the daughter of Llwellyn was amongst them, than the relations and few remaining friends of the deceased bard assembled to receive her. The former, though long fallen from their high estate, from wealth, and power, and fame, were yet respectable, though in confined circumstances; they felt that they were the descendants of the Lords of Mona, and they had aspired to think and act accordingly. To both had the Minstrel of Aberfraw, in times long past, been dear, and they united to welcome his only remaining child with every manifestation of kindness and cordiality.

They were delighted, indeed, with her person and her manners; they listened to her, as she sung to the harp of Llwellyn, with tears of joy; for they were the tones, the very strains to which their hearts had responded in the days of their

youth, and the memory of the friend and former companion came rushing on their minds with all the endearing recollections of the morning of life.

Nor had they forgotten the favourite pupil of their poet, young Walsingham of Llanvechell, though it was with some difficulty that they could recognize, in the dignified deportment of the aged clergyman, the once enthusiastic aspirant to the honours of the Bardic Circle.

It was amidst these friends, surrounded by the fallen and impoverished, but still honoured reliques of the house of Lluellyn, that Adeline became the wife of her beloved Edward; an union which fulfilled the promise it had given, and which, alike blest and blessing, saw all within its field of influence enjoying as much peace and comfort as the tenure of humanity will allow.

If a tear would sometimes trickle down the cheek of Adeline, or a sigh escape from Edward, it was when they thought on the once pleasant fields of Rosedale, and the deep-wooded valley of the Rye.

No. XXII.

I love the altar of my Sires,
Old as my country's rocks of steel;
And as I join its sacred fires,
The present Deity I feel.—
Mine is no solitary choice,
See *here* the seal of saints impress'd;
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast.

CUNNINGHAM.

THERE cannot be a spectacle more productive of delight to the heart of a good man, than to witness his fellow-creatures assembled in the act of *social worship*; to see them, from a conscious sense of their mutual wants and infirmities, and of their joint dependance on Him who made them all, confessing their many transgressions, deprecating the just indignation of their God, imploring his assistance, and returning their

grateful thanks for the numerous blessings which have already been vouchsafed them.

He who best knows how to appreciate the value of solitary supplication, who has felt how soothing and consolatory it is, how essential to his happiness and well-being, both here and hereafter, that he should, under the privacy of his own roof, frequently seek the presence of that Almighty Being who has promised to relieve the wants, and succour the distress of those who draw near to him through the mediation of his blessed Son, is, at the same time, best prepared, from the knowledge of his own relation to the Deity, to enter with ardour into all those feelings which, when mingling with his brethren in the temple of their mutual Father, should bind us not only to our Creator, but to each other, uniting with ties never to be separated the love of God and man.

It would seem scarcely possible, indeed, for any human being, when forming part of a public congregation, to commence the prayer which has been left us for a model by our Saviour, without feeling from its opening words, from the emphatic and endearing expression "Our

Father," all that devotional fervour, that glowing philanthropy, that love, and charity, and humility, which social worship was intended to convey.

It is, in fact, whilst thus surrounded by those who are, like himself, engaged in the adoration and supplication of the Author of all things, that the Christian, whatever be his station in this life, may imbibe the most delightful, satisfactory, and correct views of the paternal goodness of the Deity, and of the feelings which should regulate his own conduct, and that of his fellow-worshippers, with regard to each other.

Assembled together as the children of one common parent, and in the act of imploring his forgiveness and protection, of which we all alike stand in need; conscious that in a few years all that now serves to mark the distinctions of rank, and wealth, and power, will be no more; that before Him from whom we issued, and who made us what we are, we shall soon be called, stripped of every thing adventitious, and with no claim save that which faith and piety can prefer; how, on considerations such as these, must all the emotions of pride and envy, of vanity and am-

bition, sink within us! We look around and behold the young and old, the rich and poor, the strong and weak, alike prostrate before the throne of Him who views his offspring with an equal eye; who formed us from the same dust, who breathed into our nostrils the same breath of life, and who receives us as the children of the same redemption. Is it possible that, believing this, and engaged, as we must then be, in mutually praying for the temporal and eternal welfare of each other, we can suffer any emotions but those which spring from love and gratitude, to enter within our breasts?

Can the lowly man who reflects on these things, and who feels that, here at least, in the house of prayer, and in the presence of Him who descended to preach the Gospel to the poor, he is on a level with the rich and lordly of the earth, can he any longer repine at distinctions thus transient in their nature, and which, while necessary here for the very trial of his faith and love, are to vanish with the world which gave them birth? Or can he, the associate in his petitions, the man of wealth and title, who is kneeling at the same altar, and

preferring the same form of supplication, and who must, therefore, be conscious of the same truths, any longer look down with fastidiousness and pride upon one who, though bowed to the very earth by want, may shortly be his companion before the judgment-seat of God, and with claims to mercy far transcending those, perhaps, which he shall ever offer?

No: it is here, if any where, that that *humility of spirit* to which the kingdom of Heaven has been promised, is to be found and cherished; it is amid the assembly of persons of all ranks and conditions, prostrate before the throne of Grace, with one common sense of their mutual wants and infirmities, and kneeling together as "fellow-servants of the Lord," that it is felt in all its purity and power; and it is of the blessed effects of prayer thus meekly, and with the united fervour of thousands, presented through Him who has promised to be "where two or three are gathered together," that we may say, in the beautiful enthusiasm of the poet, and in the heart-felt conviction of every humble partaker of *social worship*:

Oh PRAYER! thou mine of things unknown,
Who can be poor possessing thee?
Thou wert a fount of joy alone,
Better than worlds of gold could be:
Were I bereft of all beside,
That bears the form or name of bliss,
I yet were rich, what will betide,
If God in mercy leave me this!

EDMESTON. *

Such, indeed, are the unspeakable comforts which have been felt to flow from rightly participating in the spirit of public worship, that, in the best and purest ages of Christianity, he who would not rather lose life itself than relinquish the blessings of this communion, was held to have forfeited the very name of a disciple. "Even in the sharpest persecutions," says Archbishop Potter, "whoever did not chuse to endure the most cruel death rather than preserve his life by absenting himself (from public worship), was thought unworthy to be called a Christian."

* Sacred Lyrics, by James Edmeston, 12mo. London, 1820, vol. i. p. 47.

Nor even in the present times, stained as they are with a wide-spreading deluge of scepticism and impiety, are there wanting thousands, nay, I would fain hope millions, who, having habitually enjoyed the hallowed sympathies and consolations which attend on public prayer, would consider the deprivation of its rites as the greatest misfortune which could occur to them on this side the grave; who, in allusion to that resigned tone and temper of mind, and that sweet influence of devotional gratitude and unswerving faith, which they have so often experienced in the temple of their Saviour, may truly and from heart-felt conviction say,—

There is a *calm*, the *poor in spirit* know,
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe;
There is a *peace*, that dwells within the breast,
When all without is stormy and distrest;
There is a *light* that gilds the darkest hour,
When dangers thicken, and when troubles low'r:
That *calm* to faith, and hope, and love is given;
That *peace* remains when all beside is riven;
That *light* shines down to man, direct from Heaven.

EDMESTON.

To him who has in early life been taught to value and to feel the innumerable blessings which take their source from social worship, but whom vice and guilt have lon separated from the communion of the good; to him who has thus deviated from the path of peace, and who, having experienced the futility of all worldly enjoyments, has been led by sorrow and contrition to re-seek the altar of his sires, how delightful must be the return to the bosom of his church! It is a transit, in fact, from all that can perturb and agonize the soul, to associations breathing but of joy and love; it is a re-access to the Lord of life, more refreshing to the burthened mind than "fountains to the thirsty in a parched land."

Of the return of such a wanderer from the congregation of the faithful, and of the feelings which may be supposed to have glowed within his bosom on re-entering the church of his fathers; we have an admirable picture in the following lovely and pathetic lines.

People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns — a fugitive unblest,
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely I no longer roam
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour!
—— "Follow me!" — I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

MONTGOMERY.

That a deep and durable attachment should be felt for the very place where from our earliest years we have been wont to share the gratifica-

tions resulting from social worship, is a sentiment natural to the constitution of man, and one, indeed, that is almost involuntarily experienced for every spot which has in any considerable degree been connected with great and interesting impressions. With what glowing enthusiasm, for instance, do we trace the scene which has become illustrious as the once-chosen abode of patriotic virtue or intellectual eminence; and with what feelings of tender regret and affectionate veneration do we linger within the walls which bring back to memory the love and protecting kindness of those who were the guardians of our infancy and youth! And shall we not entertain an equally fond and fervid regard for that sacred roof beneath which, even from the first opening of the reasoning powers, we have been accustomed to pour out our hearts in communion with our God, and in concert with all those who are dear to us as kindred, friends and neighbours? It is an association, in fact, which, as founded on feelings which ought to be beyond all others interesting to humanity, has been felt with more than common strength by the wise and good throughout every age of

scripture record: for, waving every other source of local sympathy, how is it possible not to experience the most profound veneration and attachment for the sanctuary to which the presence of the Deity has been peculiarly promised, and where the ties which blend earth and heaven are placed visibly as it were before us, in all their direct and immediate relations?

Such, indeed, among the Israelites of old, was the force and influence of this affection for the temple in which they worshipped their God; so indissolubly associated was it in their hearts with every thought and sentiment of religion, that the best and most devotional of their bards, their sweet and pathetic psalmist, has spoken of it in terms which for energy, and beauty, and tenderness, have no where a parallel. How amiable, says the inspired son of Solomon: —

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh shouteth for the living God.

3 Yea the sparrow hath found an house; and the ring-dove a nest for herself, where she may

lay her young; even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thine house:—

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand: I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness. PSALM lxxxiv.

David is generally supposed when he wrote these lines to have been deprived of all means of access to the temple; and we may picture to ourselves his sufferings in being denied that which was allowed even to the birds of the air; a privilege too which, in his estimation, was above all price; for "it is evidently the design of the third verse of this passage," observes the admirable Bishop Horne, "to intimate to us, that in the house, and at the altar of God, a faithful soul findeth freedom from care and sorrow, quiet of mind, and gladness of spirit; like a bird that has secured a little mansion for the reception and education of her young. And there is no heart," he adds, "endued with sensibility, which doth not bear its testimony to the ex-

quisite beauty and propriety of this affecting image." *

Of the fervency of attachment which had bound the whole nation of Israel, as if with the love of one man, to their first and more glorious temple; and of the strength of those associations in which had originated their enthusiastic sorrow, when its beauties were recalled to their minds, we have an exquisite picture in the Book of Ezra. The prophet is describing the effect which the laying the foundation of the new temple had produced on the feelings of those who had just returned from a long and mournful exile in a foreign land, of those who had "hung their harps upon the willows," and had "sate down and wept by the waters of Babylon;" and while he paints the raptures of the young who had no recollection of the former building, he represents the aged as overwhelmed with grief, as recalling with tears the memory of the ancient sanctuary, where they had so often worshipped with their fathers, and been blessed in the presence of Jehovah. "All the people," he says,

* Commentary on the Psalms, 8vo. 3d. edition, vol. ii. p. 77.

"shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. But the ancient men who had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice: and many shouted for joy. So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping." *

It must be evident, however, that the force and influence of this partiality for the place in which we have been accustomed to attend the public worship of our country, will depend upon various particulars, partly arising from our own modes and habits of thinking, and partly from extrinsic circumstances. Experience, indeed, seems clearly to prove, that it is not beneath the roof of the gorgeous cathedral, however imposing may be its architecture, or within the walls of the populous city, however numerous may be its temples, that this sentiment of devotion to the altar of our fathers is most powerfully felt. It is to the VILLAGE CHURCH that we must

* Ezra, chap. iii. ver. 11—13.

direct our steps, if we wish to recognize, in all its strength and beauty, the effect of this local sympathy on the human heart. Here will be found, at least in the more secluded parts of our island, where manufactories have not penetrated, and where agriculture is the sole resource, that prevailing character in the congregation which best accords with the affecting simplicity and devotional ardour of our admirable ritual. Unlike the heterogeneous materials of which the crowded audiences of a large city usually consist, the worshippers in a country congregation are comparatively on terms of equality; they are assimilated in their manners and modes of thinking, and consequently feel not only a greater affection for each other, but a greater bond of sympathy and union in their addresses to Him whom they know to be the God of charity and peace. Their devotion kindles with increasing warmth as they look around them, not among strangers, but through rows of friends and neighbours, and they almost unconsciously conceive a love for the place in which they have so often enjoyed the inestimable blessings of Christian fellowship.

The village church may be said, indeed, from the stationary and unvaried habits of the peasantry, to present them, not only with a record of the most momentous events of their own lives, but of those which had, from time immemorial, marked the days of their forefathers; for it was here that they were baptised, that they were married, that they were buried; and it was here, that, with their neighbours, they were accustomed, like themselves, "to take sweet counsel together, and to walk in the house of God as friends." Reminiscences such as these, whilst they awaken in their bosoms emotions of benevolence and piety, call forth, at the same time, the most reposing confidence on Him who, through every generation, had been the guide and guardian of their race; and they view their dusky aisles, and pillared roof, and the adjacent turf, beneath which they shall shortly sleep, with holier love and more endearing thoughts.

"They are familiar," says an elegant and truly philanthropic writer, speaking of the peasantry of remote villages, "they are familiar from their childhood with the sound of the

church-bell, in all its varied imports of joy and sorrow; the sight of the font and the altar brings with it, to them, hallowed and tender recollections; and their family graves are in the green and quiet church-yard, where they themselves know that they shall one day find room as well as the rest. It happens, not unfrequently, that a peasant on his death-bed, gives directions as to the precise spot where his grave shall be dug, and names the friends and kinsmen by whose hands it is his desire that his coffin may be let down; and this, with a composure equally remote from the insensibility which philosophism affects, and from the delirious raptures which enthusiasm inspires."

The author from whom this interesting passage has been taken, is contrasting the decorous and hallowed repose of a country church-yard with the offensive and often rifled cemeteries of a crowded city; and he justly and beautifully observes, that the "village church-yard, with its little grassy mounds,

—— transversely lying side by side,
From east to west:

has a character of quietness and sanctity, which makes us feel how appropriately such an enclosure is called by the Germans, God's ground." *

It is impossible, indeed, to view the quiet, rural, and retired situations in which many of our village churches are placed, without perceiving how well they accord with the lovely and peaceful character of the religion to which the sanctuary they shelter is dedicated; and how decidedly, as a site for social worship, the heart gives a preference, founded on every amiable bias and rational association, to localities such as these, where beautiful nature blends with and exalts the sentiments of devotion, when contrasted with the noisy, turbulent, and demoralizing scenery, which so often surrounds the gloomy churches of the manufacturing town or dissipated capital.

So appropriate, so delightful has seemed the connection between the emotions derived from the contemplation of tranquil, yet majestic nature, and those which flow from the influence

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxiii. p. 558.

of our holy religion, that, in the eye of piety and sensibility, no beautiful spot has appeared so beautiful, as when the spire is seen ascending through its fairest foliage; a feeling, which has been expressed by a contemporary poet, in the following exquisite manner.

Oft when I've seen a rising ground
With bowery leafage shadow'd round;
Where groups of forest roses twine
With foxglove, and with sweet woodbine,
Where overhead the arch'd boughs meet,
And violets bloom beneath the feet;
Oh, I have thought — Surpassing fair!
Had but that spot a house of prayer,
A dome amidst the enchanted dell,
All-hallowed to EMANUEL.

Oh, when amidst the grove of green,
The chapel's snow-white spire is seen;
The column and the step of stone,
The walls to meditation known,
How holy, how dear, does the spot appear!
The fairest of heaven and earth are here;
The sweetest below, and the sweetest above,
Nature's fair form, and a Saviour's love!

In a covert like this, what prayers might rise,
What notes of praise might reach the skies!
Notes, as soft as a summer even,
Notes, with less of earth than heaven:
Hymnings that might seem to be
Sweet celestial minstrelsy. —

" Yes," in a spot so still, so fair,
That Peace might choose her haven there;
How sweet the house of praise and prayer!
Sorrow will cause the heart to pray,
But oh, how lovelier is the sound
When notes of happiness rebound,
Where all is beautiful around,
Amidst the summer ray!

EDMESTON.*

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* Sacred Lyrics, vol. i. pp. 5, 6. I cannot dismiss Mr. Edmeston's little volumes, without remarking, that they breathe a mingled spirit of pure poetry and devotion; nor without adding one short but entire piece, as a farther specimen of the style and manner in which they are executed.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant SANDAL tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends.

That there are many places in this still happy island where the spire rises amid scenery as serene and lovely as the poet has here described, and where simplicity and piety pay their vows with the utmost singleness of heart, none who are acquainted with the remote pastoral and agricultural districts of England will venture to deny. It is in situations such as these, indeed, that religion, that the sweet influence of the sabbath, is yet felt in all its purity and power; it is here, that the incalculable benefits of our church establishment are experienced without diminution or restraint; that its sacred rites and

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E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and Love to all.

How hardly Man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only Love again!
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it — but HE came from Heaven;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse HE breathed, no plaint HE made;
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died.

holy ordinances are observed with devotional zeal; and that the intercourse between the pastor and his little flock is precisely such as may give to the former that facility of individual knowledge and notice, so essential to the due discharge of his functions, and, if affectionately exercised, so productive of mutual confidence and love.

Of a village-church thus circumstanced, where the sweetness and tranquillity of the landscape which embosoms it may be considered as truly emblematic of the blessedness and peace which dwell within the breasts of those who worship at its altar, I shall present my readers with a picture, which is evidently drawn from the life, from circumstances of simple truth and reiterated observation, and where the colouring is worthy of the beauty and sanctity of the subject.

— — — — — I know it well, —
The village-chapel: many a year ago,
That little dome to God was dedicate;
And ever since hath undisturbed peace
Sat on it, moveless as the brooding dove

That must not leave her nest. A mossy wall,
Bathed, though in ruins, with a flush of flowers,
(A lovely emblem of that promised life
That springs from death) doth placidly enclose
The bed of rest, where, with their father's, sleep
The children of the vale; and the calm stream,
That murmurs onward with the self-same tone
For ever, by the mystic power of sound
Binding the present with the past, pervades
The holy hush, as if with God's own voice,
Filling the listening heart with piety.
Oh! ne'er shall I forget the hour, when first
Thy little chapel stole upon my heart,
Secluded TROUTBECK! 'Twas the Sabbath morn,
And up the rocky banks of thy wild stream
I wound my path, full oft, I ween, delay'd
By sounding waterfall, that, 'mid the calm,
Awoke such solemn thoughts as suited well
The day of peace; till all at once I came
Out of the shady glen, and with fresh joy
Walk'd on, encircled by green pastoral hills.
Before me suddenly thy chapel rose
As if it were an image: even then
The noise of thunder roll'd along the sky,
And darkness veil'd the heights — a summer storm,
Of short forewarning, and of transient power.
Ah me! how beautifully silent thou
Didst smile amidst the tempest! O'er thy roof

Arch'd a fair rainbow, that to me appear'd
A holy shelter to thee in the storm,
And made thee shine, amid the brooding gloom,
Bright as the morning star. Between the fits
Of the loud thunder rose the voice of Psalms,
A most soul-moving sound. There, unappall'd,
A choir of youths and maidens hymned their God,
With tones that robb'd the thunder of its dread,
Bidding it rave in vain.

Out came the sun
In glory from his clouded tabernacle;
And, waken'd by the splendour, up the lark
Rose with a loud and yet a louder song,
Chaunting to heaven the hymn of gratitude.
The service closed; and o'er the church-yard spread
The happy flock, who in that peaceful fold
Had worshipp'd Jesus, carrying to their homes
The comfort of a faith that cannot die,
That to the young supplies a guiding light,
Steadier than Reason's, and far brighter too;
And to the aged, sanctifies the grass
That grows upon the grave.

WILSON.

It must be impossible, in short, for any heart where religion has taken deep root, and where

the sensibilities of our common nature have not been blunted by a long and contaminating intercourse with the busy world, not to feel the utmost attachment for the place whose every form and feature furnishes us not only with the most impressive memorial of those who have been dear to us in this world, but is indissolubly connected with the conviction which assures us of a blessed re-union in that which is to come. It is here, by the consecrated graves of once affectionate friends and relations, that we have been wont to listen to that sublime liturgy which has spoken comfort to our souls, when all beside has failed us; it is here that, with thousands, we have joined in praising Him who redeemed us; and, if we have trodden its courts with humility and love, it is to this spot, to the home of our fathers, and the temple of our God, that, in the hour of death, we shall turn our weary eyes with hope, and faith, and consolation.

From associations such as these, which, local and adventitious as they may appear to some, have been ever found highly instrumental in

kindling devotion, and keeping alive a sense of religion, who would wish to abstract us? Without them, we may venture to affirm, neither church nor sabbath would long exist; and as they must be powerful and beneficial in proportion to the antiquity and purity of the ritual round which they form, it will be the hope and wish of every friend to the ecclesiastical polity of England, that their union with our temples may suffer neither death nor diminution.

In the spirit of this wish, and with that love for our establishment which distinguished the immortal Hooker, has Mr. Cunningham written the lines which I have taken as the motto for this paper; lines immediately preceding the following beautiful stanzas, which, while they paint in glowing colours the strength of these associations, display, at the same time, that tenderness, piety, and rational zeal, which are the usual and happy effects of their influence over the heart.

I love the ivy-mantled *tower*,
Rock'd by the storms of thousand years;
The *grave*, whose melancholy flower
Was nourished by a martyr's tears.

I love the organ's joyous swell,
Sweet echo of the heavenly ode;
I love the cheerful village-bell,
Faint emblem of the call of God.
Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
I bid my swelling sorrows cease;
I do but touch the mercy-seat,
And hear the still small voice of peace.

And as the ray of evening fades,
I love amidst the dead to stand;
Where in the altar's deepening shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.
One comes — Oh! mark his sparkling eye,
The light of glory kindles there;
Another — hear his deep-drawn sigh —
O — 'tis the sigh of dumb despair.

Another treads the shadowy aisle;
I know him — 'tis my sainted sire —
I know his patient, angel smile,
His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire;
His ashes rest in yonder urn,
I saw his death, I closed his eye;
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn;
That death has taught me how to die.

Long be our Father's temple our's;
Woe to the hand by which it falls;
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls.
And be *their* shield by us possess'd;
Lord, rear around thy blest abode,
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God.*

I cannot more appropriately close this essay and these volumes, than with the remark, that at no time do the impressions arising from *social public worship*, and attachment to its temple, press more powerfully and effectively on the heart, than when we are returning from our church on the evening of a day in *autumn*. The sun is, perhaps, sinking behind a veil of clouds, and his farewell lustre is just fading from our fields: the winds of night are rising round us, and, as we pass through rows of elms, and amid hillocks of green turf, the withered leaves are falling fast upon the tombs of those who were once the friends of our youth, or the companions of our recent course. It is a scene

* The Velvet Cushion, pp. 133—135.

which gives additional weight to the service which has just been heard within the sacred walls, to that brotherly love and kindly feeling, to that humility, resignation, and trust in Him who made us, which the Liturgy of our church so beautifully enjoins, and which the very act of social prayer so forcibly implies, by placing before us, at the very threshold of the sanctuary from which we issue, the most striking exterior memorials of the transitory tenure of all sublunary life.

It is then, that whilst the gale of evening is sounding in our ears, and whilst the dry foliage is seen eddying on the graves of those who loved us, if any harsh and unsubdued emotion, if any throb of anger or revenge have yet place within our bosoms, it must fade and die away. We look around on those who have lately been united with us in imploring the protection of our heavenly Father, and who are now returning with us through the pathways of the dead, with sentiments of deeper love and more extended charity. There are many of them who are descending, as ourselves perhaps, into the vale of years; they have reached the

autumn of their days, the evening of their life; and, like the dying leaves which the blast is now scattering, one by one, over the mouldering relics of the departed, soon shall they, in equally rapid succession, drop into the earth from which they sprang!

It is a scene, indeed, which cannot fail to impress the most careless, to rouse the most indifferent; it is one also, from which it is scarcely possible to return without being a better man, and a happier member of society; without deeply feeling the invaluable consolations of Christianity, without fervently and gratefully rejoicing, that in the temple which has just been left, we have heard the words of life, the blest assurance, that our departure is but for a time, and that we shall not be left in the ground like the leaves which perish.

THE END.

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